THE New Republic

The Immaturity of Our Asian Policy—
Hans J. Morgenthau

PAGE 20

The Prospect of a Part-Time President for Another Four Years

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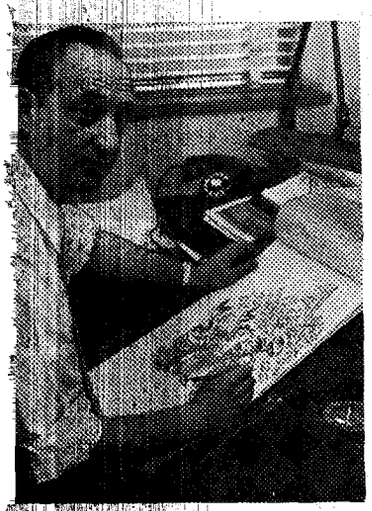

10 Years of Herblock

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MARCH 12, 1956

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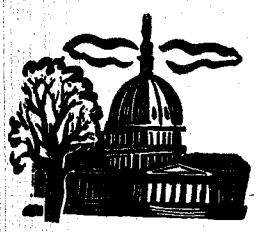

Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

Democratic victory next fall is unlikely but not impossible. The Democrats' chief obstacle is not Ike's popularity but their own bankruptcy. Lacking any clear-cut issue of principle, the great election function degenerates into a pawky process similar to hiring a new cook; in brief, should the country in 1956 take on an aging war hero with a bad heart or look about for somebody younger with better grammar?

America is not wholly stupefied with prosperity as it was in Coolidge's era; it is scared of Russia and it senses the dangers of a part-time President in a full-time Cold War. It would be glad to have a choice of positive courses. If the Democrats had any intelligent alternative to offer in the way of a program, voiced by a man who could make liberalism sing, many would listen. But what tools have Democrats in Congress given to their putative candidate? For three years the leadership has hardly criticized Ike.

Speaker Rayburn and Majority Leader Johnson pushed through the natural gas "grab" bill and made the party look ridiculous when Ike vetoed it. They avoided counter-attacking the GOP on the "numbers game" security issue. For sectional reasons the party starved Kefauver's investigation of Dixon-Yates, though the inquiry finally showed that Ike was being deceived by his staff. Democratic spokesmen on Senate foreign affairs now oppose the expanded economic-aid program. Democrats control Congress but have not passed a strong health bill nor school bill. On agriculture they seem stuck with the old rigid 90-percent-parity formula which, by itself, will not solve the surplus problem.

Now, finally, for the edification of liberals who would like to vote Democratic, the party elevates Sen. James ("The Supreme-Court-has-subverted-the-Constitution") Eastland (D, Miss.) to be chairman of the Judiciary Committee which handles court nominations, constitutional matters, immigration laws civil rights and the like. Who wants to burn fiery crosses with Eastland in the Supreme Court chamber?

It is fortunate that in the wonderful lunacy of American politics the Presidential candidate still generally transcends his party. The push to the Democratic side may still be strong in spite of the party's record in Congress. This rises chiefly from the frightening alternative of the Republicans. In time of global commotion can the nation really be safe under a part-time President? The shipment of tanks to Saudi Arabia illustrates the possibilities. The shipment, you recall, was authorized by a Defense Department that didn't know what the State Department was doing, was halted by a President who didn't know what either department was doing, and was finally settled by a State Department that could not get in touch with the Secretary of State. How much more of that lies ahead if Ike moves on in his second term to 70—older than any other President in history?

We came away last week from Ike's historic Leap Year's Day press conference—in which he coyly said "Yes" to the wooing GOP—mulling over one of the President's answers to a quite subordinate question. Nowhere have we seen any reference to it in print so we insert it here, for it affects civil rights.

> QUESTION (William Shannon, *New York Post*): . . . What [do you] think about this concept of interposition and . . . the role of the federal government in enforcing the Supreme Court decision?
>
> THE PRESIDENT: Well, of course, you have asked a very great question that is filled with argument on both sides. . . . You have particularly brought up the question of whether the Supreme Court is the last word we have in the interpretation of our Constitution. Now this is what I say: There are adequate legal means of determining all these factors. . . . We will make progress, and I am not going to attempt to tell them [the Supreme Court] how it is going to done.

We confess that Ike's doubt abo the Supreme Court's having final say interpreting the Constitution startled just a bit at first.

We have always had a special pla in our hearts for Vice President Nixo Nixon, we feel, is treated unfairly in difficult role. Placed beside a popul President, he gets the brickbats; asked do a hatchet job which his superio shuns, he is blamed for doing it. H throws the mud which would sully Ike' hands. Some Republicans now think Ik should drop Nixon. What ingratitude— and what folly! There must be a whipping boy in any situation like this, where Ike is well enough to run but not well enough to be criticized. A man like Nixon is inevitable beside a man lik Ike. Ike should continue to beam upo the young fellow—chiding him gently perhaps when he brings the Supremc Court into politics—but more often ex pressing "my admiration, respect and deep appreciation" (Jan. 25) for all th anxieties and frustrations which vot feel to the Administration, but whi they can't vent on Ike. Nixon serves a heaven-sent trap-door, escape-hatc hygienic flush. One Republican cal Nixon Ike's "Achilles heel." Fie upo this talk of "heels"! Ike needs Nixon beside him to make him seem wonderful. There could be no greater political folly than to drop the warm-hearted American Boy.

We noted earlier that the minimum wage has just been raised from 75 cents to $1 an hour. This means ultimately greater economic purchasing power for the lowest stratum of American workers, particularly in the South—particularly Negroes. How often it happens that in detailing political ephemera we neglect the really important things! One of these is the revolution in our day created by federal social-security legislation—whose end is not yet. This is happening so gradually that many fail to understand it. *Readers' Digest* doesn't understand it; it sounds a current tocsin against the ancient evils of veterans' pensions. These pensions were uneconomic and unjust, of course, but the historic reason for them was the absence of any system of social security—the last kind of legislation that *Readers' Digest* editors would have supported.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Prospects of a Part-Time President

I. Lightening the Load

ALTHOUGH Leonard Hall's worst worry is over and Eisenhower has been signed up for the duration, this doesn't mean the Republicans can take a vacation. For the candidacy of a "recovered heart patient" compels them to anticipate and counter two fears in the minds of many an independent voter: will the President have the physical capacity to carry the full burden of his office, and is Richard Nixon morally and intellectually fit to take over command were that required?

The first task, therefore, of the defenders of the Republican cause is to downgrade the enormity of Presidential responsibility.

Even before Ike announced his intention to run again, *Life* and *Newsweek*, in their respective February 27 issues, neatly reversed the customary campaign procedure by grooming the office to fit their candidate.

Pointing to the "sheer bulk of the duties that somehow have settled on this office," Robert Coughlan, the *Life* man, argues that reform is needed and long overdue. "President Eisenhower's recent illness, along with dramatizing the need, has given it urgent priority." He suggests that life could be made a lot easier for the President by delegating many of his duties to Mr. Nixon and Sherman Adams, by reducing the number of his visitors, and by cutting down the number of documents he must study and sign.

Not to be outdone at saving the President from his office, Mr. Raymond Moley of *Newsweek* wants to see the number of documents requiring Presidential signature reduced to the point that they "would be no more strain than doodling on a scratch pad." He also wants to see the President surrounded by "agreeable, restful" companions during his leisure hours. "A bore," Mr. Moley warns us solemnly, "may be more deadly than a brink of war."

It appears that Mr. Moley considers it a ridiculous waste of time for the President to keep up with the world by way of the press. "There is no reason," he declares, "why a President must read newspapers except for relaxation. A Steve Early or a Jim Hagerty can convey press opinion to him." Although he ruefully concedes "the press conference probably must be continued," the *Newsweek* columnist holds that "the President could greatly help himself by cultivating a habit of fewer and shorter answers." This is a shrewd stroke, inasmuch as it will lighten still further the burden of keeping up with the press by drastically reducing the amount of news.

It is just plain silly, in Mr. Moley's estimation, for the President to be bothered with political questions. "Some individual, perhaps the Republican National Chairman, should have precedence and, with three or four members of the President's staff and two or three members of Congress, should form a Political Security Council to formulate decisions for the President." Similarly with the Cabinet: it must be staffed with top-notch men who will accept responsibility and make their own decisions, because "second-raters always try to pass judgments to the chief."

As we get the picture, then, the President is to sign his name as infrequently as possible, read no newspapers, curtail his attendance at parties, banquets and balls (a feast may be more deadly than the Middle East), limit the number of his visitors, delegate political decisions to the Republican National Chairman and policy decisions to his subordinates.

II. What Is the Risk?

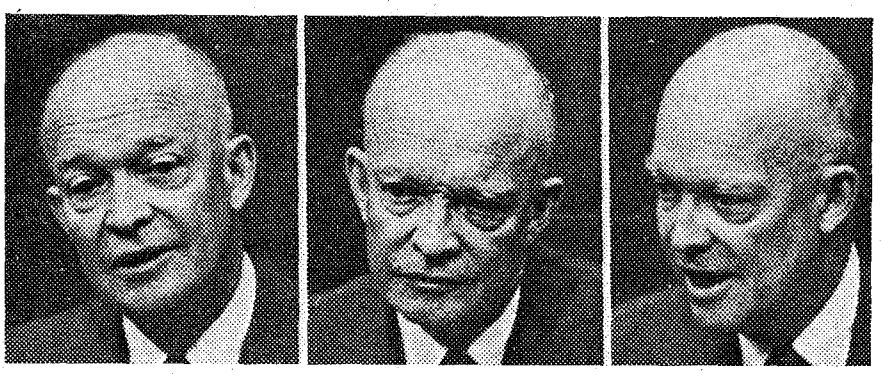
IF, DURING this campaign, the Presidency is made to appear less demanding than in fact it is, and Mr. Eisenhower's competence is made therefore more plausible, there is still certain to be continuing discussion of the relevance to the present situation of Mr. Eisenhower's categorical remark, made after a four-day illness and published in his book *Crusade in Europe:*

> I learned a lesson I did not thereafter violate: A full measure of health is basic to successful command.

What is a "full measure?" What do doctors tell the average "recovered heart patient?" What can he and what can't he do? "The man himself really decides," says Dr. James Watt, director of the National Heart Institute.

> First he tries one thing, then another. What the doctor tells him is conditioned by what benchmarks he passes. It's difficult to measure the reserve of a man's heart. You can put it to a test, and if it does all right, you know; or you can put it to a test, and if it doesn't do it, you know that, too.

Above all, Dr. Watt points out, every



The President says yes—Press Conference February 29.

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physician must protect his patient from harm. The heart's strength, therefore, should be put to the test no more than absolutely necessary. Each time the patient shows that he can take an additional step the physician extends his limit a notch more—stopping at the point where "the patient is satisfied, where he can live the life he wants to live. You don't stretch it more than you have to."

In the President's case, Dr. Watt's analysis suggests, the demands placed on the heart might be stretched beyond that imposed on a private citizen following the safest course. This is especially true in that crucial but shadowy area, emotional strain. The President himself said in January that a major factor in his decision would be "the zip and zest that you can take into conferences when you have to get something done for the good of the United States." "Measuring zip and zest is quite elusive" in any man, Dr. Watt comments. "Call it a psychosomatic factor or simply part of the medical picture, it is a matter of deciding what *is* stress and strain to the man in question."

The psychosomatic approach to coronary cases has been sharply stated by Professor Harold G. Wolff of Cornell Medical School, a pioneer in his field, who showed in his study *Stress, Emotions, and Cardiovascular Disease,* published last year, that under stress and strain, the accelerator nerves stimulate the heart to work too hard. "Such unusual cardiac exertion evoked by anxiety implicitly requires restriction of demands on damaged myocardium (heart muscle)." He cites the case of a middle-aged man who suffered minor heart trouble and

> decided to slow down and assume fewer responsibilities for a brief period. As a matter of fact, however, circumstances so shaped themselves that such relaxation was impossible, and he was obliged to assume more than the usual workaday burden. Under these circumstances of conflict he became resentful and tense. . . . The picture was one of a man fighting with his back to the wall.

To apply this psychosomatic analysis to a specific patient, Dr. Wolff says, "you have to decide what types of people and situations upset him, and delete that, circumvent that, in his daily life."

But can any President who is more than a casual occupant of the White House avoid people and situations that upset him? More specifically, can Mr. Eisenhower who, for all his charm and benignity, has his flashes of hot temper?

One White House correspondent believes that what disturbs the President most is any sign of what seems to him disrespect or impertinence. It is then, as the Alsops put it, that "the well-known tell-tale flush" creeps up over face and forehead.

"Decisions distress this man," says another close observer of the President, "and coming up to one in the pinches is his toughest moment. His impulse is to go along with the thing that's easy or traditional." Obviously, in these circumstances, one of the many things from which Mr. Eisenhower will have to be protected is the kind of aggressive, provocative questioning that heretofore has marked successful Presidential press conferences.

But what if the special strains of the Presidency were not at issue? What if we were talking about the future of Dwight D. Eisenhower, Chairman of the Board of General Motors? What would be his prospects?

Mr. A. Z., a 58-year-old executive in a large automotive company, suffered "a few small strokes." As heart attacks go they were minor, yet

> the executive was retired from active participation in the business. Since retirement he has been enjoying better health and he has been able to regulate his own life according to his wishes, and not according to the dictates or needs of the business.

This case has been cited in *Executive Health Programs,* by Dr. George M. Saunders, medical director of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. Pointing to "the special stresses and strains which are exerted on the executive, demanding peculiar qualities of resistance for survival," Dr. Saunders lists an electrocardiogram as one of seven "musts" in executive health examinations. While stressing that it is still not known "whether heart disease is an occupational hazard of business executives, it is known, however, that emotions such as anger, fear, anxiety, or pain may affect the heart profoundly, not only its action, but also the rate, the sounds, the electrographic tracing, and the blood pressure."

All life is a risk, the President's affirmative decision seems to suggest. As to the degree of risk which he is asking the American people to take, it is pertinent to consider how the professional risk-takers, the insurance companies, regard recovered heart patients.

The best statistical answer so far has been presented by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in its 1953 study, "What Happens to Men Disabled by Heart Disease," which shows that one out of three recovered heart patients do not last six years, a conclusion drawn from the observation of 100 white male

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coronary victims between 50 and 64.

Because of such findings, insurance companies do not normally sell life insurance to recovered heart patients. Dr. Harry Dingman, vice-president of the Continental Assurance Company, declares flatly in his standard reference work, *Risk Appraisal* (revised edition, 1954):

> Coronary disease is not an underwriting problem. The underwriter says no. It is a claim man's problem. He deals with an impaired man. . . . Experimentally a few companies are insuring a few coronaries Wisely? Future will tell.

III. What About Nixon?

IF EISENHOWER'S bad heart is the first worry of Republicans, the second is the distrust that persists throughout the nation of the man who is and hopes to be within one heart beat of the Presidency.

Nixon, the President affirms, can have the Vice Presidential nomination if he wants it. On the matter of Nixon's wants at least there is no doubt. His campaign to eliminate the opposition to himself is under way, and is well expressed by Nixon's personal friend and adviser, Rep. Patrick Hillings (R, Calif.).

First, says Hillings, Nixon is indistinguishable from his leader on every aspect of the Eisenhower program. "To disparage Nixon is to disparage Eisenhower."

Second, Hillings declares, "The smear campaign against Vice President Nixon is being directed by the Democratic National Committee and certain left-wing elements in the country who have opposed Nixon ever since his exposure of Alger Hiss."

This second comment might seem to some, to confirm the charges of moderate men that Nixon debases the democratic process by identifying opposition to himself with treachery to the United States. Its accuracy is best judged by the comment of an ardent Eisenhower supporter, Walter Lippmann, in many Republican newspapers.

Writing one month before the President's declaration, Lippmann noted that if Eisenhower ran he would probably be re-elected President, that his chances of serving out his term were at best problematical, and that he bore in consequence a heavy responsibility to the nation in picking as Vice President one who sincerely shared his spirit and principles. Lippmann continued:

> He can give no such guarantee for Mr. Nixon. It is not a question of whether Mr. Nixon supports the Eisenhower legislative program. . . . Of course he does. The question is whether he represents the central thing which Eisenhower represents, the thing which has given Eisenhower such a hold on the American people.
>
> The central thing is that Eisenhower unites the country and heals its divisions. This is precisely what Nixon does not do. Instead of being a national leader he is a ruthless partisan. He is a politician who divides and embitters the people.

Justice For All—All With "Pure Blood"

SENATOR JAMES O. EASTLAND is the man who once warned that Dixie would never remain docile "while the pure blood of the South is mongrelized by Northern politicians to obtain political favors from Red mongrels." As a leading Southern opponent of the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, the Mississippi Senator has advised White Citizens' Councils to defy the Court ruling with tax money and with interposition.

This is the gentleman who has inherited the chairmanship of the Senate Judiciary Committee, the one seat of power in Washington where a dedicated opponent of civil rights can do his greatest damage. The death of Sen. Harley Kilgore of West Virginia gives this prize to 51-year-old Eastland.

Forty-eight percent of all bills and resolutions introduced in both houses of Congress passed through his committee during the first session of the 84th Congress, Senator Kilgore reported last July. The committee's 18-point roster of powers, defined in the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946, embraces not only measures affecting civil rights and civil liberties, but in addition constitutional amendments, immigration and naturalization, legislative reapportionment, and approval of all appointments to the federal judiciary.

In the chairmanship, Eastland can hold up if not block the anti-lynch and right-to-vote legislation promised by the Eisenhower Administration. He is already recorded against the confirmation of Solicitor General Simon E. Sobeloff as a Federal Circuit Judge, complaining that Sobeloff "strongly advocated integration in the public schools." In 1954, he supported the narrowly-defeated Bricker Amendment to limit the treaty-making power of the President, which may reappear at any time. He can bottle up the Administration's proposed legislation to liberalize the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act — and he is likely to do so.

Senator Kilgore's West Virginia colleague, Democratic Sen. Matthew Neeley, moves into the vacancy left by Eastland's promotion to the chairmanship. The committee lineup will still produce a consistently liberal voting bloc of only four out of fifteen—three Democrats and former committee chairman William Langer.

Democratic Unease

THE ELEVATION of Senator Eastland to the Chairmanship of the Senate Judiciary Committee merely accentuated a growing crisis within the Democratic Party.

The fragile nature of the coalition that elected Roosevelt four times and Truman twice was indicated at the civil-rights assembly of 50 liberal and labor organizations in Washington. "Tell your Northern Democrats that we want action on civil-rights legislation," Clarence Mitchell, a leader of the NAACP advised the delegates. "If they talk about their Southern associations then tell them: If you hang Eastland like an albatross around your neck then the Democratic Party can kiss our votes goodbye!"

In 1952 Negro wards voted 70 percent for Stevenson in New York; 80 percent in Denver; 90 percent in Detroit. In 1954, Harlem gave to Averell Harriman many times the margin of 8,000 votes that elected him governor of New York. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and California the Negro vote may hold the balance of political power this year.

To those voters, and to the larger group who are impatient for progress toward equality for all citizens, the re-

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action of Southern whites to the Supreme Court decision may come to stand as an indictment of the Democratic Party. When Roosevelt and Truman held power in the White House, these Americans, white and colored, asked: *What is Senator Bilbo doing in our party?* Now, shorn of the executive arm, they wonder instead *What are we doing in Senator Eastland's party?* A sense of frustration follows the anger that many non-Southerners feel over the actions of the mob in Tuscaloosa. Lacking any other target, the sense of frustration may well vent itself against the local symbols of that mob: the candidates of the Democratic Party.

Fearing this result, and faced with Republican exploitation of a new civil-rights program the Northern big city Democrats will be forced to insist that the 1956 Democratic Platform include a reaffirmation of the party's civil-rights platform of 1948 and 1952. This the Southern Democrats seem bound to resist. A group of Southern moderates may accept such a reaffirmation. But extremists such as Governor Marvin Griffin of Georgia cannot inflame racial hatreds through the spring and summer and then in August endorse a platform acceptable to the NAACP. Instead they may take the offensive and arrive in Chicago demanding that the Democratic Party endorse *their* doctrine of interposition. If the convention turns them down and reaffirms the Democratic Party's commitment to civil rights then South Carolina, Mississippi; Georgia, Louisiana, and that part of the Texas delegation that is led by Allan Shivers may well march out.

Symington's Chance

SEN. STUART SYMINGTON (D, Mo.) has been waiting for years to pour forth the evidence he has on tap on the inadequacy of our military program. His time has come, and he is ready. The investigation of national defense which the Senate has authorized under his leadership promises to be spectacular.

The former Secretary of the Air Force has said that he *knows* the Soviets are now ahead of the US in development of the guided missile, that the Soviets have operational wings of supersonic fighters which can knock down any existing American bomber, that the US has few fighters which can match the speed of available Russian bombers. Symington has further asserted that the US lacks *even on the drawing board* a bomber which can outfly existing Russian fighters.

To corroborate these claims the Senator plans to call top defense officials like Defense Secretary Wilson, Air Force Secretary Quarles, and Air Chief of Staff Twining and make them testify under oath. The inquiry is expected to point an accusing finger directly at President Eisenhower for permitting the economy drive to cut so deeply into defense.

The inquiry is not without political significance for Senator Symington. The Senate hearings should keep him in the headlines right up to the Democratic convention in August, when, in the event of a Stevenson-Kefauver deadlock, delegates might decide that Symington's time as a Presidential candidate had also come.

Honest Election Bill

BIPARTISANSHIP can play Jekyll-Hyde. The Senate coalition which centers around Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Minority Leader William Knowland has found a way to frustrate the lobby investigation, to tone down proposed improvements in the "honest election law," and still remain on the side of the angels.

The new 8-man Senate Committee on Lobbying, made up of four Democrats and four Republicans, is headed by the Tennessee crusader Albert Gore. But there will be no Great Crusade here. The coalition planted Styles Bridges (R, N.H.) as Vice Chairman. And Bridges has persuaded the Committee to adopt the same ground rules which Democrats forced upon Senator McCarthy two years ago, the rules which ended McCarthy's investigating. The same outcome seems likely again.

The election bill also reflects skillful maneuver. Fifty-five Senators recently rushed to sign their names as co-sponsors of a measure to tighten controls on campaign expenditures. This looked reassuring to the voter, until he learned that another honest election bill, a more stringent measure offered by Sen. Thomas Hennings (D, Mo.), was voted out of Committee nine months ago and is still bottled up by the Senate leadership. The milder bill, introduced by Majority Leader Johnson and Minority Leader Knowland, offers a way out of accepting the drastic reforms Hennings proposes.

All controls in the Hennings bill apply both to primary elections and to Presidential nominating campaigns; the leadership bill does not. This means that approximately half the members of the Senate who come from one-party states like the Democratic South, or Republican states in New England and the Middle West, would be beyond control of the federal law, since their campaign expenditures are nearly all in the primaries. This is true in the case of Lyndon Johnson. And it was also true in 1952 of Senator Knowland who reported zero expenditures in the California general election because he had won the primary nomination from both major parties, hence had no opposition in November.

A study of the 1950 elections shows that 41 percent of candidates for the House spent more on their primary campaigns than on the general election. Yet all this activity would be ignored in the Johnson-Knowland bill, except for the small concession that a primary candidate file with the Congress the same expenditures report which he now files in his state.

Both the leadership bill and that of Senator Hennings would raise the ceiling on expenditures by candidates for public office, but the new bill is more lenient. For example, present law limits a House candidate to a campaign fund of $5,000. Hennings would make it $10,000, Johnson-Knowland $15,000. The increase for Senators is proportionate.

The Hennings bill sets a ceiling of $10,000 which any individual can contribute to *all* election campaign funds in a given year. The Johnson-Knowland bill retains the present $5,000 ceiling for an individual contribution to any *one* fund, but does not preclude contributions to many different funds. Thus if a Texas millionaire wished to contribute $5,000 to every candidate in all 48 states, the Johnson-Knowland bill would permit him to do so.

Minnesota Primary

DEMOCRATIC - Farmer - Labor (DFL) party officials breathed easier at the close of a long day's tour through Minnesota's

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Sixth Congressional district with the candidate upon whom they had placed all their bets, unhedged, in the state Presidential primary of March 20.

The candidate, Adlai E. Stevenson, had encountered nothing but sizable crowds and warm receptions in the sprawling, largely-agricultural district.

Stevenson fidgeted with his collar and tie, took off his horn-rimmed spectacles and twirled them as he talked on farm issues at his first, 8:30 a.m. stop in Big Lake, obviously less sure of pleasing the blue-denimed, barn-smelling farmers among the 200 early risers than 5,000 students the day before at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis.

His principal dosage for arresting the current decline in farm income: restoration of price supports at 90 percent of parity. "That was the program endorsed by General Eisenhower at Kasson, Minn., in 1952," he said. "I accused him then of purloining the Democratic farm plank." Then, deftly, he shattered whatever ice remained: "But he returned it after the election."

As the day wore on, the candidate appeared to relax. He still peppered his talks with words like "commonality" and "docility," but he found himself telling more stories—he has a surprising fund of them — and his listeners responded.

In Sauk Centre the chairman of the meeting, independent banker Ben Du Bois, a talented straight man, asked Stevenson: "If you're elected President, are you going to make it a full-time job?"

"I'll go further," pledged the candidate. "I'll go to Washington."

A Minnesota Poll of Democrats who plan to cast ballots in the state primary, published Mar. 4 in the *Minneapolis Tribune*, showed that 59 percent prefer Stevenson, 24 percent, Kefauver. The rest had no opinion.

The Ghost of Gandhi Walks Montgomery Streets

I WOULD respectfully suggest to the civic leaders of Montgomery, Alabama, that if they can find the time they would be doing themselves and the nation a service to bone up a little on what they may have forgotten about recent history.

Do you remember the symbol of the wizened little man with loin cloth and spinning wheel? Do you remember how the world used to hang on the suspenseful news of Mohandas K. Gandhi's latest passive resistance bout with the British; how Americans, with their instinctive affinity for the underdog, cheered quietly as the Mahatma won round after round with the Viceroy, whether it was on a boycott of foreign goods, defiance of the salt tax or the longer deeper protest against the core of the matter, the denial of freedom?

And the British in their exasperation fell back on measures which did little more than eloquently confess the desperately embarrassing bankruptcy of their position. They threw Gandhi in jail. Not once but many times. Then he fasted and his weakness from it only gave his followers strength.

Who would have thought to look at him that in the frail bones of this wisp of a human being lay the marrow of independence of a nation? Ah, but there's the clue. For the passion of righteousness, by stubborn, enduring but gentle defiance, can transform a puny man into a giant. Who would have thought, looking back just 90 days, that a $14 fine against a Negro seamstress named Mrs. Rosa Parks for refusing to move to the Jim Crow section of a municipal bus in Montgomery, Alabama, would galvanize a show of passive resistance that may become a symbol in another struggle for independence?

For this in essence is what the racial issue is all about. It is not a sinister conspiracy of black hordes to impress a pagan supremacy on genteel citizens of lighter skin. It is not a swaggering ultimatum, bloodshot with passion as so many seem to fear, that a Negro shall marry your sister. It is the insistence, springing from the innards of some of the gentlest souls God ever fashioned, to choose their own seat on a municipal bus, to travel afoot or on horseback, in a Cadillac convertible or to stay at home.

Outside the Montgomery jail, four indicted Negro leaders stand with their bondsmen.

Pierced by this simple shaft of truth, the city fathers of Montgomery, Alabama, can do nothing more than fall back in consternation, as the British did in India, and clap the leaders of the Negro community into jail. And yet really they have done more, far more. What they have done, rather pathetically in fact, is to reveal the transparency of the sincere but mistaken claims of white supremacy. For who has had the superior record of civilized behavior in this tortured episode? From which side came the extremism and the ugly little bursts of violence, and from which side the restraint? The record is not on the side of the white citizens.

It just happens that the US Government is about to exploit an exhibit on the way America lives. Although far from perfect, it is a capsule picture of the upward growth of American life. It will be shown in India. It may arouse interest there. But another exhibit has preceded it: the press accounts of the Montgomery story. It needs no prophet to foretell which exhibit will make the deeper impression on the disciples of Gandhi.

EDWARD P. MORGAN

ABC, Feb. 24, 1956

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How Much Defense Can Britain Afford?

IN 1956 the Conservative Government, though provided with an ample parliamentary majority and not threatened with early elections, seems in danger of losing its hold over the electorate because it is proving incapable of coping with a crisis in Britain's payments balance with the outside world.

This realization has wrung from the normally unemotional *London Times* an editorial cry of distress (February 20) disturbing in its poignancy. It is unusual for the *Times* to speak of "the life and death of the nation" being at stake in the current struggle with the problems caused by inflation. It is even more remarkable for it to place the blame impartially upon the two great parties in the state. Matters must have gone very seriously wrong for the *Times* to sum up the economic history of the past 10 years in the ominous words "too little and too late"—words once applied to Mr. Chamberlain's war strategy. Matters *have* gone very seriously wrong, though not solely for the reasons cited by the *Times*.

One pound sterling is 20 shillings. In 1946 the purchasing value of the pound had declined to 12 shillings from prewar; today it is less than 8 shillings. Thus since 1938 the pound has lost 60 percent of its value, and the process is continuing. True, Britain is not quite alone in experiencing a gradual devaluation, but the relevant comparison must now be drawn with Britain's European competitors: Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Sweden, whose currencies are remarkably stable.

The tale of economic ups-and-downs since 1946 discloses a pattern of sudden spurts in economic activity, in trade expansion and in investment, followed by violent payments crises compelling the authorities to clamp down on imports, investments and living standards, for the sake of avoiding a disastrous loss of gold and a consequent weakening of the currency. Under the Labour Government these crises erupted biannually —in 1947, 1949 and 1951—and the third and most violent of the three drove Labour from office.

Speaking in the House of Commons on February 20, Mr. Harold Wilson, for the Labour Party, drew attention to the disastrous 30-percent drop in the gold and dollar reserves since June, 1954. The reserves, he said, were dangerously low and Britain could not stand a further drain in 1956. There might come a point when loss of confidence would cause a run on sterling that would force another devaluation. Whereas in 1950 Britain ranked among the European countries most successful in rebuilding their exports, their production and their dollar earnings, she was now "nearly at the bottom of the league" in all three respects. He was equally severe on the decision to cut industrial investments in order to save imports.

Even when industrial investment was at its highest, in 1951, it was insufficient to maintain Britain's competitive position. The United States economy invests several times more per worker. Germany too has recently had a much higher investment rate—almost 30 percent of the national income, as against 16 percent in Britain.

The British investment boom of 1954-55 was deliberately encouraged by the government, in the hope of making Britain's exporting industries more competitive. To balance the extra outlay Mr. Butler relied on an increase in personal savings; instead savings dropped and consumption rose fast. Meanwhile imports of coal and steel shot up as industry started to re-equip, while there was no immediate bonus from higher exports. A new payments crisis was plainly in the offing. When it burst, Mr. Butler bowed out and handed the reins to Mr. Macmillan, whose first action was to raise the bank rate to an almost unprecedented 5.5 percent, thus discouraging further investment and calling a halt to the boom. Once more it has been shown that Britain cannot, under *laissez-faire*, both expand economically *and* pay for all the necessary imports.

There are lessons, too, for the outside world, notably the United States. They have been spelt out by an unlikely oracle, the ultra-conservative *Financial Times*. Noting that at 10 percent of the national income the British defense budget constitutes the biggest item of public expenditure, the City organ on February 18 editorially set the tone for what is likely to grow into a swelling chorus as the months pass:

> The gross cost of defense production and research is still estimated at £788 million, which is substantially more than the total cost of the fixed investment on plant and buildings in manufacturing industry. . . . There is one sentence in the defense White Paper which illuminates the whole problem. It states that "we must make a contribution . . . commensurate with our standing as a world power." The whole of our government expenditure seems to be geared to that concept. Yet judged by manpower, industrial capacity or economic potential we are not a world power in the same sense as the United States or the Soviet Union. It is to that fact, and to the ultimate dependence of our whole position in the world on productive investment, that we must adjust our thinking.

Five years ago this kind of thing was dismissed as "Bevanism." It is now becoming the new orthodoxy. "Any cut in our productive capacity mortgages the future to ensure survival in the present." Is that the *New Statesman*? No, once more the *Financial Times*. These words will be noted abroad, at NATO headquarters above all. They point inexorably to the conclusion that NATO must revise its structure if the ties linking America and Western Europe are not to be dangerously weakened.

G. L. ARNOLD

London

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That $2,500 Contribution—II

Down Payment on a Purchase

by MICHAEL STRAIGHT

SOMEONE was lying to the Select Committee of the United States Senate. The evidence seemed to point toward two employees of the Superior Oil Company, Elmer Patman and John Neff.

Between October 1 and February 1 when the battle over the natural gas bill was at its height, Patman, an attorney for Superior, handed $7,500 to Neff to spend on Republican Senators in Nebraska and the surrounding states. This action involved possible violation of several state and federal laws, thus both men were already up before a Grand Jury. Both, in their Senate testimony, were guarded and evasive. Both swore that the Harris-Fulbright natural gas bill was not mentioned at the time of Neff's employment in October. Both swore that Neff was not engaged in lobbying, and further that he was directed to work only in Nebraska. As the story emerged of the thousands Neff had distributed, both men swore that these funds were handed out for purposes unrelated to the natural gas bill.

But the testimony of Neff and Patman was promptly challenged. One witness after another testified to Neff's efforts to determine how the Senators of five states would vote, and described his none too subtle offers of contributions to those who shared the outlook of his unnamed employer. Documentary evidence was produced.

THERE was Patman's letter of instructions to Neff, enclosing a pile of material on the Harris-Fulbright bill and adding, "I would appreciate your looking over this material and calling me collect before moving toward your objective." There was Neff's letter to Pete Thomson of Billings, Montana: "The entire United States should get behind this legislative bill. . . .I hope by some means that either or both of your Senators can be induced to vote for this bill." There was the carbon copy of a typewritten statement which Neff left on the desk of the Republican National Committeeman of Nebraska. It listed all the United States Senators in three columns, For, Doubtful and Against and it was particularly interesting since it showed Senator Case to be one of four Doubtful Republicans. Most damning, however, was Patman's notations on three large bills which he approved on behalf of Neff. Patman had no obvious explanation when Charles Steadman, Counsel of the Select Committee, handed him the vouchers:

> MR. STEADMAN: Why did you put natural gas on [them]?
> MR. PATMAN: Well, sir, there is no reason for my writing it on there.
> MR. STEADMAN: You mean you just wanted to practice your penmanship?
> MR. PATMAN: No! No! Let's be fair about this. . . .
> MR. STEADMAN: I want to know why you wrote it.
> MR. PATMAN: I have no explanation except the thing was on my mind.

Patman, the most slippery of witnesses, could never be caught. But Neff finally broke on the one issue of his employment and conceded its true nature.

> MR. STEADMAN: You did nothing with respect to the $5,000 fees and the $1,260 expenses that you were paid between October 1 and February 1 that did not relate to the Harris-Fulbright bill?
> MR. NEFF: That is correct.

Involved in this admission was a possible violation of the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act since John Neff never registered as a federal lobbyist. But more than one violation was involved. If Joseph Wishart, Treasurer of the Republican Party in Nebraska, was telling the truth, then Neff had not only lied but had involved himself and his employer in a violation of Nebraska law. The two men met in October in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington where the Republican National Finance Committee was holding a conference. Neff proposed that they go to Wishart's room where they could be private and there presented Wishart with the customary 25 $100 bills, belonging to Howard Keck.

> MR. WISHART: I told him that in Nebraska we had a statute that indicated that a treasurer of a party should not take a contribution of over a thousand dollars and that he would have to give me the names of the people. . . . He said that he didn't know whether they would want to be—have their contributions reported . . . he said there were four, five or maybe six. And I said "Well that wouldn't make any contribution over five or six hundred dollars," and he said "that's right!"

John Neff, still under oath, declared that Wishart was

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all wrong. But then his journey to Iowa came to light. In Iowa, the unhappy Neff conceded, he and his partner, Paul Gerdes, had visited Robert Goodwin, the Republican National Committeeman to determine the attitude of another doubtful Senator, Bourke Hickenlooper, on the natural gas bill.

> MR. STEADMAN: Did you ever offer a campaign contribution to Mr. Goodwin for the Iowa Republican organization?
> MR. NEFF: No Sir!
> MR. STEADMAN: Or for anyone else or for any other organization?
> MR. NEFF: No sir, I made no offer.

Goodwin, a one-time Congressman and now a banker, was summoned to the stand.

> MR. STEADMAN: Will you tell us of the conversation that you had with Mr. Neff and Mr. Gerdes.
> MR. GOODWIN: . . . They told me that they were interested in the Fulbright bill . . . they told me that they were interested in getting in touch with Senator Hickenlooper, and they may have asked if I would find out Senator Hickenlooper's attitude. To the best of my recollection I told them I would endeavor to find out or I would arrange a meeting for them with Senator Hickenlooper.
> Then they said that they had $2,500 to contribute to Senator Hickenlooper's campaign, not to the Republican Party but to Senator Hickenlooper's campaign.

Mr. Goodwin added that he turned the offer down. "I thought that was kind of unusual," he said. But he promised to check on "Hick." Neff, he testified, called him back in some impatience and then visited him again.

> MR. GOODWIN: He was interested in getting in touch with Senator Hickenlooper and wondered what progress I had been making and I told him I hadn't been able to get in touch with Senator Hickenlooper. Then he offered to leave $1,000 with me for Senator Hickenlooper pending the time when he could see the Senator and I told him "No. Don't even get it out of your pocket. We don't do business that way."
> It kind of seemed like a down payment on a purchase of something to me. . . .

FIVE thousand dollars was paid in fees to Neff for the time that he took to hand out $7,500. During the same weeks Patman was collecting a salary at the rate of something over $35,000 a year for what appeared to be the same kind of work. "I did a lot of traveling in connection with the Harris-Fulbright bill," said Patman in justifying his expense account of $900 a month. That statement at least raised no doubts. Patman's travel vouchers for October read: "Austin to Boston to New York to Austin to Houston to Austin to Dallas to Houston to Austin to Washington to Boston to Concord to Austin." November, December and January showed the same routes. For the Republican Senators of New England were on the receiving end of the natural gas pipelines. Patman explained: "I was interested in the Northeastern part of the United States with reference to the opposition to the bill."

Oh no, said Patman, he wasn't a lobbyist: he never actually buttonholed Senators himself. But, he added, "There are a lot of people I know in the industry," and further: "I wouldn't tell you that people didn't call me and ask me how it [the natural gas bill] was coming along."

Where then did Neff and Patman stand in the ranks of the private army that the gas and oil producers organized to assault and capture Capitol Hill? Frequent slips, and the testimony of other witnesses made it plain that Neff and Patman were in fact two very small cogs in a very large operation. And that was proper, for Superior is ranked only 15th among the producers of natural gas, and accounts for no more than one percent of the industry's sales. The producers of the other 99 percent were presumably as interested in the natural gas bill as Howard Keck. They had tried three times to free themselves from federal regulation and failed, thanks to Harry Truman. This time they had a friend in the White House and they were sparing no expense.

THE natural gas fight is over for this year. The campaign lies ahead and before its conclusion $100 million or more will be spent on electing the next President and Congress. Twenty million dollars of this total may be declared, the rest will consist of funds handed out by unknown donors, for private purposes through anonymous agents to unidentified legislators.

These funds, of course, will come from all kinds of Americans. But the contributions that come from the oil and gas producers play a special role. They represent the political reinvestment of a small fraction of the swollen profits which these producers are permitted to keep through the connivance of Congress in perpetuating a loophole in our tax laws.

The Superior Oil Company is a minor case in point. It earned $12 million in net profits in 1952, $12 million in 1953 and $12 million in 1954. Most American corporations would have paid out more than half these sums in taxes. Superior, in contrast, paid $200,000 or 1.65 percent of its profits in federal taxes in 1952. In 1953 and 1954 it paid no federal taxes at all: instead it received tax credits of $500,000 and $100,000 from the American people.

These millions are retained "solely as a matter of Congressional grace," in the words of the Supreme Court. It follows that they must become an important source of political subversion. Pathetic or despicable as they are, the Neffs and the Patmans are not finally accountable and should not be held solely to blame. Neither these men, nor their employers, but the oil depletion allowance is the evil which should be singled out and struck down before the present Congress is permitted to adjourn.

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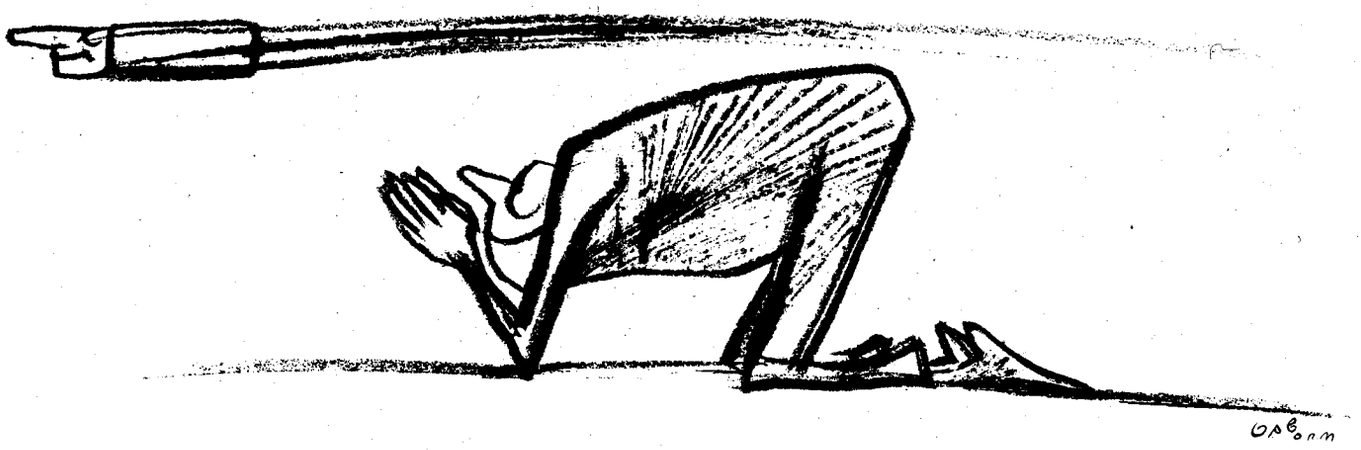
HOMAGE TO HERBLOCK



Since there is only one HERBLOCK, and he is unmatchable, his tenth anniversary as cartoonist for the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* is an event requiring some note. Since 1946, his drawings on the editorial page of the only morning daily in Washington, D. C., have been as important to the residents of the nation's capital (there are only residents, no "citizens," since Washingtonians don't have the right to vote) as their morning cup of coffee, and considerably more stimulating. Syndicated in 150 newspapers, HERBLOCK has, over the past decade, been honored by two Pulitzer Prizes and top awards of the American Newspaper Guild, the National Headliners Club, and the American Veterans Committee.

by ROBERT C. OSBORN

I THINK what distinguishes Herblock is that in a culture which is sugar-coating everything and which is scared to even mutter the unvarnished truth — Herblock comes out everyday with the unvarnished truth. This is a great relief to a LOT of people. We are so hag-ridden by the singing Hucksters, so surfeited with counterfeit presentations—from car design to the fake eroticism of whispered weather reports—that Herblock affects all of us about the way a sound buoy affects the fog-bound sailor. We shout for JOY!

And how does he lend us this encouragement and this point of reference? Primarily by his *ideas!* His force is the idea. Each day he distills an exceedingly intelligent and trenchant IDEA. One is filled with admiration for the way in which Herblock's intelligence and feeling are transposed and then welded into that days' idea. It is *always* perceptive and immaculate, in fact they are so

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ROBERT OSBORN, *one of America's most imaginative and productive illustrators and cartoonists, is the author of several books, including* Eye, Eye, Sir *and* Dilbert. *His drawings appear frequently in this and other magazines.*

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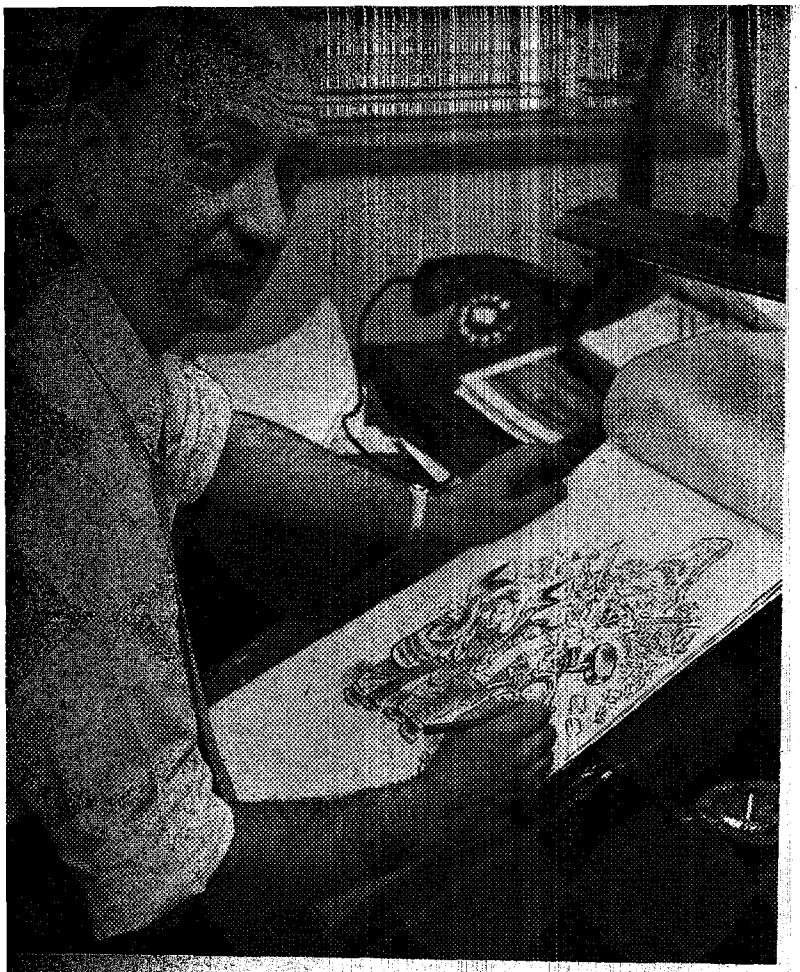

Herbert Block

well conceived that they can become classics over-night . . . witness the White Feather—"Have a care, sir!" cartoon. And because he is a man of enormous personal integrity, all of his ideas hold together and reinforce one another. Perhaps this accounts for the cumulative effect they have had on American political thinking.

It is interesting that in presenting the idea Herblock rarely uses the enormous resources of history, literature, religion, mythology, *et cetera* at his disposal. Instead he prefers the immediate characters and types of the immediate scene. He has evolved a group of standardized caricatures of contemporary figures (for instance, a sort of Happy-Hooligan-faced person labeled Eisenhower), a collection of generalized types such as the Congressman, the Public, the Politician, the Big Businessman, plus such things as the Donkey and the Elephant and his masterly creation of *the* Bomb.

This cast of characters which he employs day after day sets him free at once to hew out the idea and get it set down in clear, highly legible terms. And he never hesitates to use printed, literary labels in his drawings if it will speed up the comprehension of the cartoon—or if he feels that someone might miss the fact that a particular person is Nixon rather than McCarthy. Everything can be labeled if necessary for quick, staccato appraisal.

The actual printed drawing is rarely, if ever, beautiful in the way a Daumier or the Kukriniksi or Goya or Rowlandson political cartoons can be beautiful. Those men, employing the most sensitive lines synthesize and simplify the subject until the picture becomes plastically and rhythmically related—integrated and alive the way an Egyptian bronze cat is integrated and alive. Not many cartoonists achieve this quality. Low, the English Herblock, produces clear, highly intelligent but monotonous drawings. Fitzpatrick, on the other hand, does pursue the aesthetic possibilities of each cartoon. When he is dealing with a communications problem, he evolves a single, large, sinister, wiry-legged black spider astride an enormous black landscape. The visual impression is of a single whole. Herblock, on the other hand, never hesitates to use, almost like an expert juggler, a very complex set of images and situations in order to present the overriding IDEA.

Finally it occurs to me as I look at Herblock's face that he is closely related to the great clowns. He looks like a great clown—and is more related to the light touch of a Grock, a Fratellini, a Will Rogers, a Keaton, than he is to the more ponderous Daumiers and Goyas. For, like the great clowns, he pursues the main ideas with infinite variations of wit, humor, irony and pity . . . using the pen as a saber or as a needle, stabbing with deadly precision at sham, cheating, bombast, greed, complacency and any organized folly.

No wonder we LIKE him! . . . No wonder we are grateful for his presence.

"Same with me. I was just sitting, reading a magazine, and—"

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Political Cartoons—The Old Days

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

PRESIDENTS are human, and cartoonists get under their skins. Of this there is distinguished historical evidence. Writing in his diary for August 2, 1793, Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson described a stormy scene at a Cabinet meeting. President Washington, noted Jefferson, "was much inflamed; got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself; ran out much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him; defied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the government, which was not done on the purest motives; [said] that *by God* he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made *Emperor of the world. . . .*"

After this outburst, Jefferson added drily, "There was a pause. Some difficulty, in resuming our question; it was, however, after a little while, presented again, and he [the President] said there seemed to be no necessity for deciding it now."

The question was what to do about Citizen Genet, the agent of the French Republic in America, who was commissioning armed ships in US ports and urging them on to fight the English. Washington was opposed to this violation of neutrality, and the Republicans in America were lambasting him for his stand. Among other attacks they published a cartoon showing the General riding a donkey led by Colonel David Humphreys, his unofficial spokesman in the political wars. The caption was:

> The glorious day has come to pass
> When David shall conduct an ass!

The artist who perpetrated this irreverence was punished with anonymity, and not a single copy of the cartoon itself is known of today, though its existence has been authenticated. It is quite possible that all copies were eventually rounded up and destroyed by the outraged Federalists. American cartoonists in this early period did not work for the newspapers, which had no convenient way of reproducing their drawings. As a rule the cartoons were engraved on copper or wood and sold as separate prints, in shops, where the latest examples were strung across the window to attract attention.

This system of publication prevailed up to and through the Civil War, and it accounts in part for the ferocity of the early cartoons. Working on their own, with no publishers or advertisers to think about, the cartoon artists developed a tradition that was oblivious to all restraint. In the 1848 Presidential campaign a widely circulated cartoon showed Candidate Zachary Taylor leaning far back on the seat of a chair and displaying a prominent

"*Jackson is to be President, and you will be HANGED.*"

1828—Andrew Jackson's opponent was John Quincy Adams. An early, pro-Adams cartoon reminds the voters that Jackson executed many Army deserters (N.Y. *Historical Society*).

ROGER BUTTERFIELD *is the author of* The American Past —A History of the United States from Concord to Hiroshima, *published by Simon and Schuster, and from which the illustrations in this article are taken.*

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1884—Grover Cleveland (Governor of New York) campaigned against James G. Blaine ("the continental liar from the State of Maine!"). Titled "Another Voice for Cleveland," this cartoon *(courtesy N.Y. Public Library)* shows Cleveland harassed by his acknowledged illegitimate child. Republican crowds chanted: "Ma! Ma! Where's my pa? Gone to the White House, *Ha! Ha! Ha!*"

bottom. Some humble citizens are hovering about, asking questions about the issues of the day. "Ax my . . . ," replies old Rough-and-Ready.

Victorian gentility was making headway in the ante-bellum period, but most Americans still regarded their politics as a rough-and-tumble sport, equivalent to the eye-gouging, cock-fighting and bear-baiting of the log-cabin frontier. The real beginnings of the American political cartoon date to the party battles which swirled around the imperious Andrew Jackson. In 1828 the foes of Old Hickory made a noisy issue of the execution of six Tennessee militiamen during the War of 1812. Jackson, as commanding general, had approved their sentences. A Philadelphia newspaperman named John Binns told the sad story with much lurid detail in a campaign broadsheet, which was illustrated with rows of woodcut coffins.

Other printers picked up this idea and issued their own "coffin handbills," adding fanciful pictures of General Jackson himself, hauling on the fatal rope. This savage cartoon was one of the first which spread across the country and was copied in various ways by different artists.

The more talented cartoonists of the period—Edward Clay and David C. Johnston in Philadelphia, Henry R. Robinson in New York—were usually anti-Jackson, and this is not hard to explain. Jackson's powerful personality dominated the national scene, and his lean military figure with its crown of white hair was a delight to caricature. Good cartoonists have always preferred to attack something solid.

As the cheaper process of lithography replaced engraving for popular picture-making, the busy firm of Currier and Ives issued political cartoons in wholesale batches. Their artists produced drawings which took all sides of every issue, lampooning the Whigs and Democrats, the slaveholders and the abolitionists, with equal gusto.

This commercial approach—plus the fact that leading statesmen of the period were doing their level best to ignore and cover up the ugly sectional split—make the cartoons of the 1850's less interesting than those before and after. The likenesses of Webster, Clay, Van Buren, Fremont, etc., are realistically done (sometimes copied from photographs), and the situations these famous men are placed in are often absurd, with a great deal of nose-thumbing, barn-burning and paddling up and down Salt River. Louis Maurer, the best of the Currier and Ives artists, produced a genial masterpiece for the 1860 campaign—a print of the shaven Lincoln, with his lank hair uncombed and prominent wart on his cheek, devouring from oyster shells in either hand his "hard-shell" and "soft-shell" Democratic opponents.

Meanwhile the job of being a cartoonist was becoming regularized. The first American publication to print a political cartoon in every issue was the weekly *Yankee Doodle* of New York, in 1846. Various artists, including Felix Darley, contributed full-page woodcuts which were crude in workmanship but original in ideas, and linked with news of the day. "Triumph of the Letheon," which *Yankee Doodle* published at the end of the Mexican War, capitalized on the recent discovery of ether anesthesia. President Polk, pictured as a stern doctor, is administering ether through a long rubber tube to a trussed-up Mexican general, while Polk's diplomatic agent, Nicholas Trist, saws off a leg, labeled "New Mexico."

A swarm of comic competitors, modelled after *Punch* and the Paris *Charivari,* soon appeared. Their names—*July, John Donkey, Nick-Nax, Yankee Notions, The Lantern, The Phunny Phellow* and *Budget of Fun*—have been forgotten, and their principal service was to train a new generation of artists. The best of them was *Vanity Fair,* which died in 1863.

THE EVENTS of the Civil War were not funny, and the humorous magazine did not achieve a real success in America until later. The great news-picture weeklies, *Harper's* and *Leslie's,* captured popular attention with their front-line reporting by artists who marched with the troops and rushed their sketches to New York by courier. There specially-trained craftsmen cut the pictures on woodblocks which were fitted together in squares for the presses and hurried to subscribers, sometimes reaching the subscribers within a fortnight of the events portrayed.

One of these artist-reporters was Thomas Nast, who

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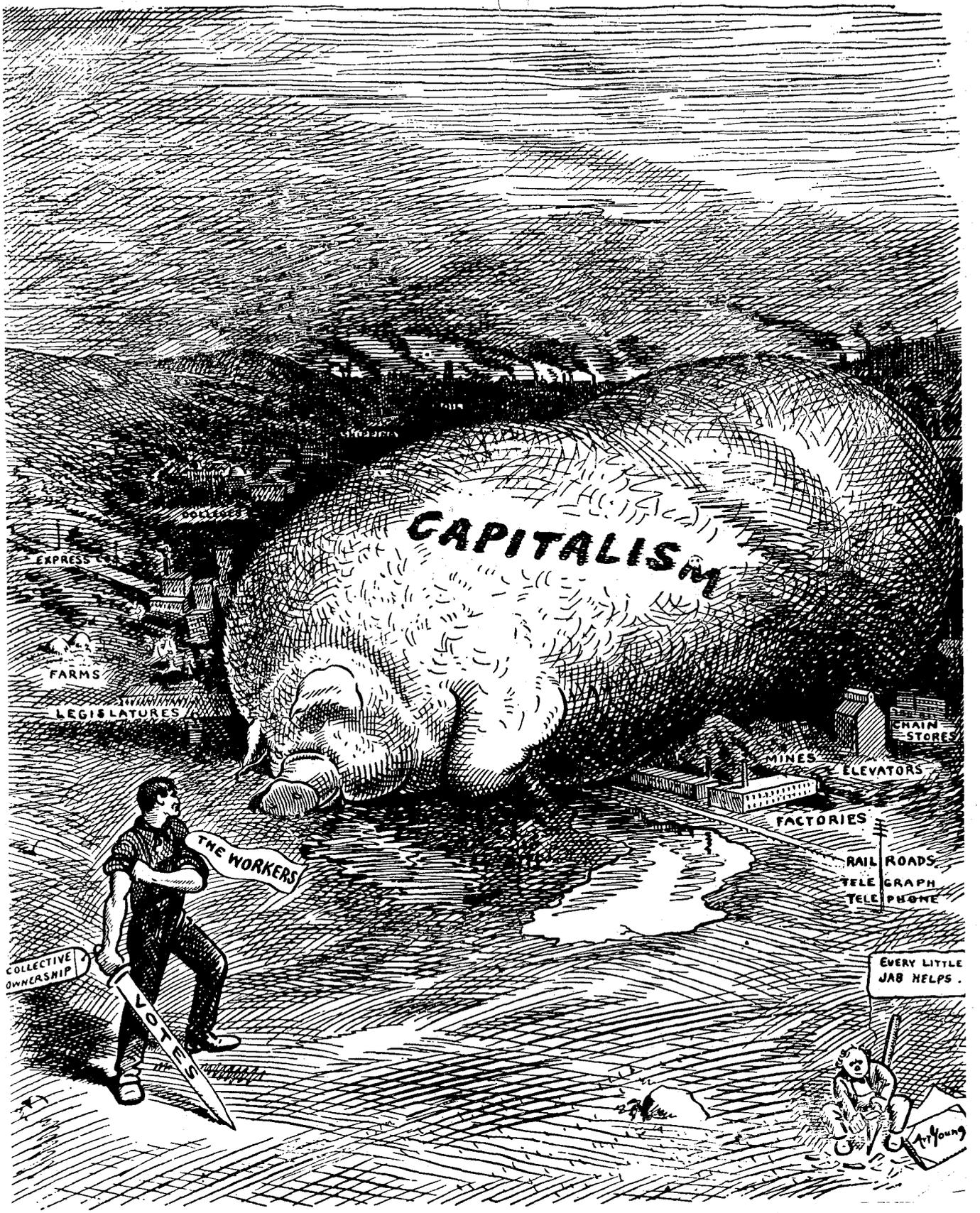

1912—The year Presidential candidate Eugene Debs got 897,011 votes, a Kansas paper published this famous socialist drawing by Art Young, entitled "Time to Butcher."

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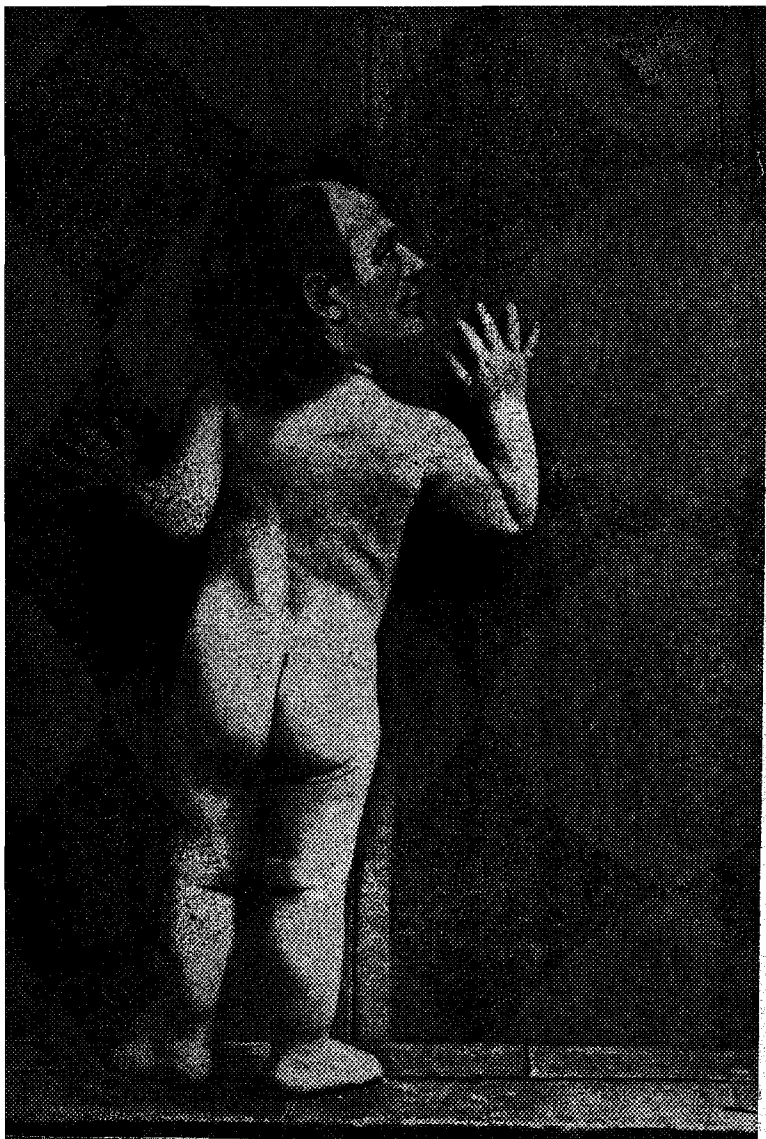

William Jennings Bryan, first nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats in 1896, was thus caricatured as "Little Bill Bryan Chasing Butterflies" by *Judge*. It was a Republican favorite.

was born in Germany in 1840 and drew his first cartoon for *Harper's*—an attack on the brutality of the New York City police—in 1859. His war experiences made Nast a passionate Unionist and Republican, who never forgot the sufferings of his soldier friends, and often exploited their wounds and bloody bandages in his political cartoons. Matt Morgan, a talented import from England, struggled to uphold the Democratic cause in the rival *Leslie's*. But he was no match for Nast, whose murderous pen toppled Boss Tweed from his Tammany throne, and hastened Horace Greeley to near-insanity and death at the end of the 1872 election. In his kinder moods Nast invented the Republican elephant and popularized the Democratic donkey, along with a whole menagerie of other cartoon symbols.

The chin-whiskered Uncle Sam so familiar today was the creation of another German immigrant, Joseph Keppler, who founded the humorous weekly *Puck* in 1876 in St. Louis, but soon moved it to New York. By hitching new printing processes to mass circulation, Keppler was able to give his readers a full-page cartoon on the front and back covers, and a juicy two-page four-color center spread which was usually devoted to politics. Exuberantly Democratic, Keppler replaced Nast in the 1880's as a slayer of statesmen. His "Tattooed Man," published in 1884, is still the most daring exposé of political flesh ever presented to a wide public. In it James G. Blaine is pictured, stripped to a tiny pair of drawers, and bearing all over his lumpy body the indelible blue lettering of "Credit Mobilier" and other railroad scandals.

So effective were Keppler's contributions to Democratic resurgence in the 80's that the Republicans founded an exact imitation of his paper, called *Judge*, to uphold their party line in glamorous four-color. For 20 years these two lively weeklies slugged it out, providing interesting employment for many gifted artists, and much entertainment for the voters. The politicians, however, were sometimes badly hurt. *Judge's* attacks on Bryan, one of which showed him trampling a torn Bible under foot, were especially cruel.

THE daily newspapers were the very last to adopt political cartoons, due to reproduction difficulties. The *New York Daily Graphic*, started by a Canadian firm in 1873, was the first. As new printing methods were perfected and circulations soared into the millions, it became possible to draw a cartoon in the morning and lay it on the reader's doorstep in the afternoon. The weeklies were left behind in news interest, and the political cartoon became the property of daily journalism.

Inevitably something was lost in this process. A daily paper cannot give whole pages to its artists, and until very recently it could not employ the impact of color. The rise of comic strips had an influence, for a clever artist can make more money drawing funnies than sweating over a political cartoon. The violence of the old days was modulated as each day's comment was fitted into a general editorial scheme, and weighed against the reactions of advertisers and special-interest groups of readers.

This was only partly true, however. The great artistic weapon which was forged over 100 years by the cartoonists of America has not grown rusty since 1900. If cartoons of our time are less savage on the whole, they are no less destructive of shams and frauds. Herblock's pictures of a black-jawed bully with doctored photos or a meat-axe in his hand helped end the menace of McCarthy, just as surely as Nast's tiger cartoons killed off Boss Tweed.

Impudence, irreverence, and independence—these are the three I's of the great cartoonists. Happily for us, and for the historians who will study our times, they are still in daily use in the nation's capital, and in other cities throughout the land.

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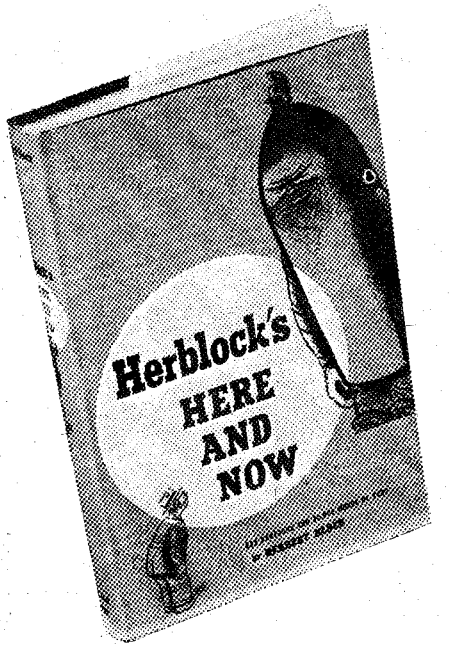
There has been too much worry about being "over the heads" of Americans. I'm tired of hearing people "talk down." I'd like to hear more talking up and talking back. I want to see literate people lean into the face of yegghead tyranny and say, "We're getting rid of you. *You don't know enough!*" It's time to throw the book at them—making sure, of course, that it's not over their heads. (HERBLOCK in *Here and Now*, published by Simon and Schuster).



Words as Weapons

by ELMER DAVIS

HERBLOCK, who writes as well as he draws, is not a middle-of-the-roader. That position, he says in his book, *Here and Now*, has the same attraction for a lot of people that a coffee cup has for cigarette ashes —the ideal place to dump any kind of decision. When an Administration, he says, seems motivated by a willingness to sacrifice principles to avoid trouble, it is the job of editorial people to show that they can get into more trouble by doing what is wrong than by doing what is right.

But it is useless to introduce a book merely by quoting it. This is the work of a man who is tired of hearing people talk down to the public; he thinks there ought to be more talking up, and even talking back. He wishes that the President of the United States—a former, even if somewhat accidental, president of Columbia University—might have done something to turn the tide of know-nothingism by speaking up for intellectualism instead of against it.

But Herblock doesn't seem to think much of this Administration. We have a President who is not a father-image but an uncle-image—"a favorite uncle who has won fame and fortune abroad." But Herblock wishes he would do a little more at home; "from the way people talk about 'the men around the President' you'd think he was being hustled off by a riot squad. After all, there's nobody around him that he doesn't want there." Nobody ever excused Roosevelt (or Truman) on the ground that he didn't know what was going on in his Administration. Whereas almost every news conference turns up something that has been on every front page, but the President hasn't heard of it.

For the people who have heard of those things, in the Administration, Herblock has not much use—though he is seldom as candid as he is about Mr. Brownell ("Guilt by association is not good enough, guilt by numerology is not good enough, and an Attorney General who uses those methods is not good enough either"). But his thorough and incisive discussion of the "numbers game" does not divert him from other characters; including conspicuously Mr. Dulles.

So you have a picture of an Administration in which "whatever the state of our defenses against possible foreign aggressors, the American Government has probably never been so firmly on guard against Americans." This is the result of the Great Crusade, which, like some other crusades, turns out to have done most damage to people who had not been mentioned when it began.

To those who reverence the uncle-image all this will be blasphemy, but it is worth thinking over what has happened in the past four years before we decide that we want four years more of the same.

ELMER DAVIS, *whose most recent book is* Two Minutes Till Midnight, *was Director of the OWI during World War II, news analyst for CBS and ABC, and is now a consultant to the Fund for the Republic.*

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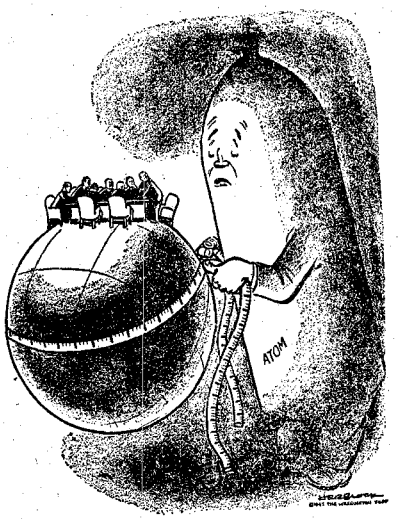
From Cartoons Drawn Since 1946

1946—"Shall we say grace?"



1947—"Don't mind me—just go right on talking."

1948—"How did atomic energy information leak out to the damn scientists in the first place?"

1952—The bookworms

1953—"Okay, now give us that old smile."

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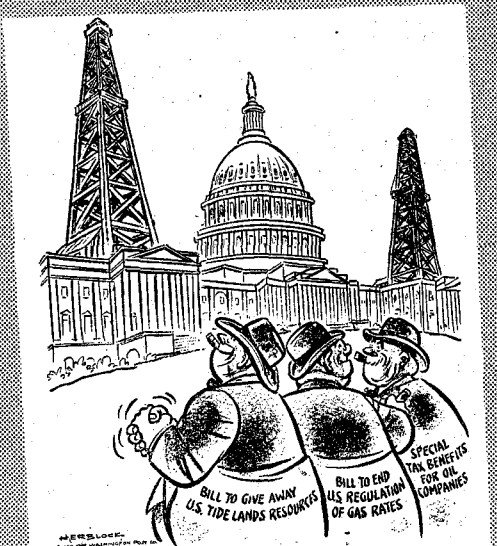
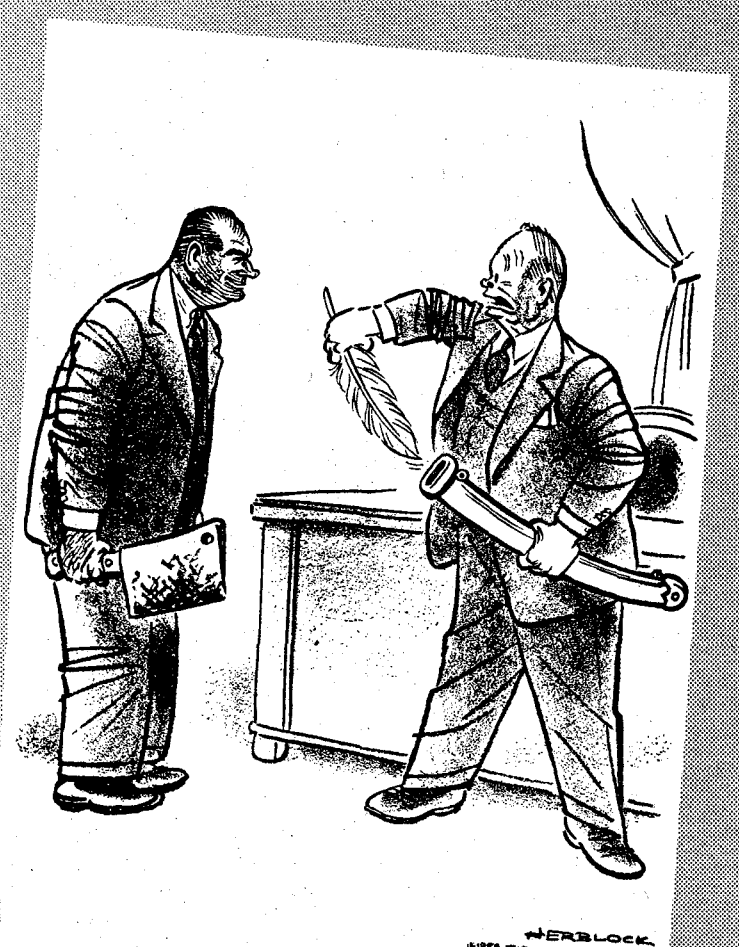
Herblock Selects Ten Favorites

1949—The bent twigs.


BILL TO GIVE AWAY U.S. TIDE LANDS RESOURCES
BILL TO END U.S. REGULATION OF GAS RATES
SPECIAL TAX BENEFITS FOR OIL COMPANIES
HERBLOCK

1950—Boom town.

1951—"Oh, no—not again—I'm tired."



1954—"Have a care, sir."

1955—"Backward people."

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The Immaturity of Our Asian Policy

Ideological Windmills

by HANS MORGENTHAU

THE AMERICAN position in the world, as it appears at the beginning of 1956, suggests that we have not learned or forgotten enough; we have sometimes learned the wrong lessons and forgotten what we just seemed to have learned. We have learned that in our age world politics is being fought with the weapons not only of diplomacy and military might but also of psychological warfare; it has become in good measure a struggle for the minds of men. Yet in practice we conceive that struggle for the minds of men primarily as a kind of philosophic debate, far removed from the concrete, specific concerns of living men.

We have also learned that in order to protect and promote one's interests in a world of competing and hostile nations a nation must be strong. Yet we have defined strength primarily in military terms. In doing so, we have fallen into the same error which cost us the political reward of victory in two world wars: divorcing military policy from political objectives it is meant to serve.

We have also learned that there exists a relation between the economic and technological advancement of underdeveloped countries and the objectives of our foreign policy. Yet in practice we have not been able to correlate our economic and technical aid to our political objectives, beyond discriminating between our allies and the uncommitted nations. The main standard by which we have judged our aid has been its soundness in technical terms; the correlation between aid and political stability has by and large escaped us—in theory and practice.

These different policies—psychological, military, economic—are not operationally oriented toward common political objectives. That missing common orientation has been supplied by a peculiar type of political oratory which correlates these different policies both to the highest ideals of mankind and to our ability to wage war successfully. It is typical of this oratory, singularly unrevealing about the real issues confronting the United States, that it is hardly ever followed by action, political or military. It seeks not to justify and explain action, but to provide a substitute for it. Thus official pronouncements on foreign policy, self-advertisement, bluff and hoax tend to become indistinguishable.

This combination of mechanical military measures and similarly mechanical economic aid—with the propensity to think about foreign policy in terms of philosophic abstractions and to talk about it like a huckster—has been the bane of our foreign policy. It leaves unattended that intermediate sphere of political maneuver where a peaceful foreign policy finds the opportunity of bringing its imagination, inventiveness and flexibility to bear upon the concrete political issues of the day. It is in that sphere that the political battles are won and lost.

What ails American foreign policy today—and what has ailed it during the better part of the last half century—is not primarily clumsiness in execution here, weakness in administration there, improvidence at another place—even though it is no stranger to these ailments either—but an all-pervading deficiency of understanding. *The foreign policy of the United States is not based upon the threat that faces it and, hence, is not capable of countering this threat.* The uncertainties and blunders of many of our concrete moves have their roots in that basic misunderstanding.

The negative political effects of that deficiency of understanding are less obvious in Europe than they are in Asia. For the conflict in Europe can indeed be defined in good measure in strictly military and purely ideological terms. The military security of Western Europe is threatened by Russian imperialism, as is its intellectual and moral identity by the advance of Communism. It is true that by placing these two issues in a political vacuum and divorcing them thereby from the concrete, specific interests of the individual nations of Western Europe, we have done more than has our enemy to jeopardize our position in Europe.

Helping the Enemy Advance

But it is in Asia that the weakness of our thinking on foreign policy becomes fully apparent. For here both the extremes of philosophic generalities and local military preparations completely miss the point. The ideological cannonade, as it were, soars far above the advancing enemy, and military pacts, far from stopping him, actually help him to advance.

HANS MORGENTHAU, *director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign Policy at the University of Chicago, has just returned from a tour of the Far East. Two additional articles by him*—"Military Illusions" *and* "Frustrations of Point Four"—*will appear shortly.*

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Nowhere in Asia, with the exception of Japan, is the conflict between Communism and democracy relevant or even intelligible as a philosophic contest between tyranny and freedom, between the total state and the individual. Nowhere in Asia does either the Soviet Union or Communist China advance under the banner of Marxism, calling upon the masses to assume the historic role which Marx had assigned them. Instead, Communism advances by identifying itself with the concerns and, more particularly, the grievances of different groups.

Concrete Grievances and Soviet Tactics

All Asians are afraid of atomic war; thus the Soviet Union poses as the defender of peace. All Asians are opposed to colonialism; thus the Soviet Union poses as the enemy of colonialism. The educated classes throughout Asia seek economic advancement and technological development; thus the Soviet Union poses as the champion of that, too. The political leaders of the uncommitted nations—and the leaders of the nations committed to the United States as well—want to be on the winning side; thus both the Soviet Union and Communist China claim that the future belongs to them.

All educated Asians remember with awe or pride the past greatness of China as a culture and a state. Thus Communist China impresses the unceasing stream of visitors from all over Asia—estimated for 1955 at close to a hundred thousand—not with the Communist qualities of its philosophy and institutions, but with the restored dignity and power of a great nation. Similarly, the delegations, books, magazines and movies which Communist China is sending all over Asia make their impact by identifying themselves not with Chinese Communism but with the great tradition of Chinese culture.

The Communist victory in Viet-Nam was a victory of anti-colonialism for which Communism supplied effective leadership and organization. Communist infiltration in Malaya and Singapore is accounted for in part by the specific need of a Chinese majority for protection against a Malay minority; British rule has provided that protection thus far, but its impending disappearance compels the Chinese to look elsewhere, and they look naturally to the restored power of China. Besides, here and elsewhere, grievances of Chinese labor provide a vehicle for the advance of Communism. And everywhere in Asia, China and, through it, Communism attracts the gifted youth of the Chinese communities because they find in China the only opportunities for study and work, commensurate with their ambitions and abilities.

Conversely, the relative lack of success of Communism in certain parts of Asia, such as Cambodia, Thailand and Hong Kong, is due to nothing else but the lack of grievances which Communism could exploit. The three major reverses which Communism has suffered in Asia are likewise the result not, as we have been led to believe, of a revolt against Communist philosophy and the Communist way of life, but of specific and thus far unique circumstances. First, the Chinese soldiers who refused to return to Communist China after they had been captured by UN forces in the Korean War were members of former units of the Nationalist army who had most recently been captured by the Communists and whom, for want of sufficient indoctrination, the Chinese Communists considered as expendable. Second, the overwhelming majority of the approximately 800,000 refugees who left the Communist part of Viet-Nam for the South are Catholics who had lived in the North in compact communities and left in a body under the leadership of their priests; the balance is composed of the families of soldiers of the army of South Viet-Nam, who happened to live north of the demarcation line. And third, the main bulk of the refugees who streamed into Hong Kong in 1949 and 1950 did so for the traditional economic reasons, and the small-scale reverse movement from Hong Kong to Communist China is motivated by similar considerations.

The Soviet Union and Communist China have joined the battle on the level of the actual, specific aspirations and grievances of the peoples of Asia, and their success has been spectacular and consistent. This success has been in part inevitable; for the restored power of China—to give only one example—makes an unanswerable case for Chinese influence in Asia. In good measure, however, that success is due to the inadequacy of our own policies, derived from a philosophy which has no bearing at all upon the actual issues at stake.

The Philosophy of "Militant Liberty"

That philosophy has just been codified in a document which will certainly go down in history as one of the most extraordinary state papers of all times. It is called "Militant Liberty"; its author is John C. Broger, president of the Far East Broadcasting Company, consultant in the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and an officer in the Naval Reserve. It offers a blueprint for US psychological warfare together with a quantitative method to evaluate its effects. It was approved last summer by a conference of a score of distinguished public figures convened by the Secretary of Defense. Admiral Radford, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has been its most enthusiastic champion, and last fall the Joint Chiefs approved it. Based on it, many and various activities are carried on by our government.

"Militant Liberty" is hardly remarkable in itself. It is one of those documents which come from time to time across one's desk, impressing one by the combination of enthusiasm, ignorance and naïveté. "Militant Liberty" has these three qualities in the extreme. No description and analysis can convey the full flavor of its illiteracy.

What makes "Militant Liberty" remarkable is the

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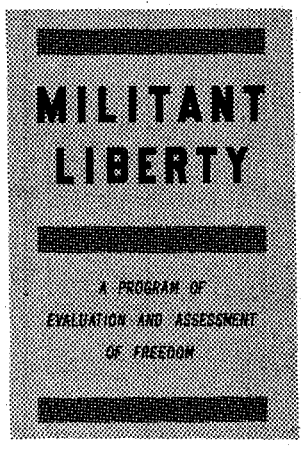
faithfulness, undiluted by even the shadow of a doubt, with which it reflects the philosophy which dominates our understanding of the Asian problem and the policies devised to cope with it. What makes "Militant Liberty" a sensation and a scandal, is the fact that the government of a great and civilized country sees fit to identify itself with so unmistakably misguided and incompetent an effort. In itself, "Militant Liberty" is laughable. As a state paper endorsed by the Government of the United States of America, it is nothing short of shocking, reflecting as it does upon the judgment of our leaders in matters of basic policy.



HAVING DISCOVERED that the Russians make effective use of ideology, Pentagon officials have produced their own party-line — a 13-page official document titled "Militant Liberty." It will be used as a training manual, says Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, providing "guiding precepts for all members of the Armed Forces and the Department of Defense."

Measuring Liberty on a Slide Rule

"Militant Liberty" starts with the sound observation that Communism has been more successful than democracy in the struggle for the minds of men. Yet the conclusions it draws from this observation are unsound. It defines the conflict between democracy and Communism in terms of "individual personality and conscience" versus "class conscience" or "conscience of the masses," which it regards to be the "hard-core of Communist philosophy." It assumes that "Experience has demonstrated that aspects of Militant Liberty," defined as individual conscience, "will have a practical appeal to many individuals of every race, color or creed, irrespective of cultural, social, economic or political background."

What, then, ought to be done?

> The concept of Militant Liberty is designed as a program to be developed on a country-by-country basis to make available to peoples of the free world the ideas and ideals of individual liberty which are basic to a free society in a manner which will motivate indigenous leaders to seek training in and to foster these ideals within their own countries, insofar as local conditions will permit. . . . Therefore, the concept consists of motivating people everywhere to be collectively demonstrative of a positive philosophy of freedom. For this purpose, training must be available in the meaning of freedom, and the methodology of communication and persuasion.

Nations can be evaluated "with reasonable accuracy" as to the degree of liberty attained through a quantitative analysis of discipline, religion, civics, education, social order and economic order. To each of these six categories a numerical value can be assigned ranging from zero to plus or minus 100 according to a trend toward or away from liberty.

In the light of what has been said before, it is hardly necessary to point out that "Militant Liberty" has no bearing upon the situation in Asia. Neither liberty nor Communism has a universal appeal, irrespective of the circumstances under which the individual appealed to lives. Communism has been successful wherever its tenets of social, economic and political equality have appealed to people for whom the removal of inequality has been the most urgent aspiration. On the other hand, the appeal of liberty has succeeded wherever in popular aspiration political liberty has taken precedence over all other needs. For this reason, Communism has largely lost the battle for the minds of men in Central and Western Europe, and democracy has by and large been defeated in Asia.

Little needs to be said to show that "Militant Liberty" is also defective in its own abstract philosophic terms; for it is obvious that it has hardly an inkling of the nature of Marxist philosophy. Marxism does not deny the existence of an individual conscience; it denies only that the content of this conscience derives either from supranatural or autonomous individual sources. Instead, it maintains that the consciousness of the proletarian class, as that of any other class, gives content to the individual conscience. In consequence, universal morality is transformed into class morality, determined by the consciousness of the class to which the individual happens to belong. The problem as to where the content of the individual conscience comes from is certainly different from the question of whether an individual conscience exists at all. By confounding the Marxist "consciousness" with "conscience," "Militant Liberty" offers a caricature of Marxist thought.

Its ignorance is as glaring in what it does not say about Marxism as in what it says. It would certainly be fortunate for us if there were nothing more to Marxism than this emphasis upon the collective consciousness. But must one really point out to the Joint Chiefs of Staff that Marxist philosophy contains a few other "hard-core" elements which are politically relevant and without which the persistent intellectual attraction of Marxism could not be explained?

Such is the quality of the weapon with which the Joint Chiefs of Staff intend to win the battle for the minds of men throughout the world. They might as well divine their military strategy from the flight of birds and fashion our economic policy after the Townsend Plan.

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The Superficial Aspect

Why Did He Do It?

The fact that Dwight D. Eisenhower has decided to be a candidate again is conclusive proof that he is not the man that many of his admirers thought he was.

They do not impugn his motives, but they do impugn the clarity of his vision. They do not believe that he is facing the stark reality of the situation, probably because interested persons have drawn a veil between him and reality.

The reality is that he has suffered a serious heart attack and everybody knows it. Nothing can change this fact. The medical men say that he has made a remarkable recovery, but no medical man says that he has suffered no permanent damage. A coronary occlusion always inflicts permanent damage, for the injured area can never be restored to its former condition.

The effect on the President is not the only, and perhaps not the primary, consideration in such a case; the effect upon his subordinates is also very important. Every man around him knows about that heart attack. Every man around him knows that it is extremely unwise to inflict worry, anxiety and the strain of making dangerous decisions upon a man with an injured heart.

The result is that when really bad news comes in, the President's subordinates are and will always be most reluctant to pass it on to the President. If they have a spark of decent feeling in them, they will be tempted to suppress it, or at least to soften it, out of regard for the President's condition. But for the head of the state to be kept in even partial ignorance of the true situation is appallingly dangerous for the nation.

The men around the President know this, too. So they are torn by divided loyalties—loyalty to their duty, on the one hand, and loyalty to their chief, on the other. Under such a strain not one man in a thousand can do the best work of which he is capable. So if Mr. Eisenhower is re-elected, we may rest assured that for four years the government will not be as well administered as it could be by the same men under happier conditions.

This is taking for granted what all men hope, but none can guarantee, namely, that good fortune will continue to attend us, and the President will not suffer a second attack before 1961. This is a risk that an experienced gambler would not take unless the stakes were very high indeed. To ask the country to take it can be justified only on the theory that Mr. Eisenhower is absolutely indispensable—a theory that he has repudiated.

That, however, is a matter of chance. What is not a matter of chance, but an absolute certainty is that Mr. Eisenhower is asking the country to submit to government by men who will be under an exceptional and avoidable strain in trying to do their duty and at the same time trying to protect the President's health. It is not easy for high officers of state to keep up to the mark under the best conditions. To make the conditions harder than they need be is virtually to assure that some of them will fail.

The argument that Mr. Eisenhower owed it to his party to run again because no other Republican can win is in fact an argument in reverse. If Mr. Eisenhower is the only Republican who can win, then Mr. Eisenhower ought not to run. For if the Republican Party is reduced to such a state that it has nothing to offer the country except the personality of an individual, then it is no longer a political party, but merely a faction, devoted, not to principles, but to a leader. And no mere faction should ever be intrusted with power.

The dread that just such a situation might develop haunted President Washington during his last days in office. A large part of the Farewell Address is devoted to an earnest warning against it. If the country splits into factions, each devoted to a leader and none to a body of principles, then eventually one, said Washington, will triumph over all the rest, whether by cunning, or fraud, or force, and the country will have arrived at dictatorship.

The assumption that Eisenhower can win on any kind of platform, with any kind of backing is probably false, for if it were true, then the constitutional division of the government into three equal and co-ordinate branches would be of no effective force. The executive would be everything, the legislative and the judiciary nothing. To prevent any such development is certainly part of that defense of the constitution to which every President is sworn.

The popularity of the President is enormous; but for that popularity to be employed to obliterate, or to blur, the constitutional separation of powers would be a tragic irony indeed. The fact that Mr. Eisenhower does not perceive it is evidence that the clear-eyed commander of the old days is no longer with us. His vision has been dimmed and his perception blunted by the exigencies of partisanship and the clamor of unwise followers whose own fortunes have been built upon his renown. It is a depressing end, but he is plainly not the man we thought him. He is not the man that he was.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Burke and the New Ancestor Worship

by Mulford Q. Sibley

WE ARE told by writers like Russell Kirk and Peter Viereck that we must erect new shrines to our grandfathers; one devotee of the "new conservatism" has even stated, publicly, that "we must think through the graveyard." The much-heralded return to religion in the United States is chiefly a revival of the religion of comfort and personal "adjustment," and for the most part spurns the revolutionary qualities inherent in prophetic religion. As for political alignments, it is surely an understatement to assert that neither of our major parties gives many hostages to a radical spirit.

It is not surprising that in this plethora of ancestor fetishism, the name of Edmund Burke should be on the lips of its modern defenders. For Burke represents in the 18th Century a tendency strictly analogous to our contemporary one.

In many respects Burke reflects the conflicts which go on in every man who endeavors seriously to confront the dilemmas of politics. From his early manhood down to his death in 1797, Burke's writings reveal with extraordinary candor his shifts of emphasis and divergencies in analysis. There is the Burke of the *Present Discontents* and *Conciliation with America* and the Burke of the *Regicide Peace* and the *French Revolution.* There is the Burke of calm "reasonableness," administrative reform, and even of "liberalism"; and there is, on the other hand, the vindictive and passionate man of later life. When discussing the relevance of the great parliamentarian, one must keep in mind what sometimes appear to be sharp contradictions in his thought.

There is, nevertheless, a strong cord of consistency binding the younger to the older man. Never a rationalist nor a democrat but ever in search of the public interest with an intensity characteristic of few politicians, at least two basic principles inform his outlook on human affairs. The first purports to be a repudiation of "metaphysics" and "mere theory" in politics. The second exalts "tradition" and "prescription" as guides to political action.

Burke's first principle has considerable validity, for it is an attack on the 18th Century tendency to assimilate morals and politics to mathematics and logic. In applying rigidly *a priori* principles to the political world, with but little reference to the world of historic experience, we emerge with a distorted picture of what Burke's contemporaries call the "springs of human action." If, then, we proceed to apply this picture to the tasks of political reform, we prepare the way, as Burke clearly sees, for absolutism. The ethical and political realm is afflicted with contingency, as Aristotle so often emphasized. And it is to Aristotle that Burke points as one who has warned mankind against "delusive geometrical accuracy in moral arguments, as the most fallacious of all sophistry." Surely Burke's warnings on this score are relevant for any age, and particularly for devoted reformers who, in their ardor, often tend to throw out the baby of effective reform with the bath of hated and morally indefensible institutions.

ON THE other hand, it would seem that mankind for the most part have been in danger not of over-intellectualizing, but of failing to utilize rationality enough. They have overwhelmingly tended to believe that somehow any given generation would "muddle through" but have been too inert and too complacent to ask the crucial question "muddle through to what?" Every generation is confronted anew with this query, one answer to which, in our day, might well be "to obliteration." The great problem, as John Stuart Mill long ago suggested, is not how to keep men from revolting in the name of "abstract principle," but rather how to make clear to them that, unless they rebel against moral and political wrong in good time, and radically, the pain always associated with departure from established ways will be miniscule in comparison with the dislocation and violence in store if they do not challenge institutions fundamentally.

Burke's alleged guides — tradition and prescription—tend to become masters when they should be servants. One of Burke's greatest failings was in refusing to admit explicitly that any use of tradition and any application of prudence must necessarily occur within a framework of rationality and of assumptions which he dismisses too cavalierly as "mere metaphysics."

UNLESS this is admitted, one is led inevitably to the position that *any* tradition or institution is untouchable, simply because it is a tradition or institution of long standing. The implications of Burke, as John Morley has refreshingly pointed out in his classic essay, are that we must revere "all old and settled order, whether in the free Parliament of Great Britain, in the ancient absolutism of Versailles, or in the secular pomp of Oude, and the inviolable sanctity of Benares, the holy city and the garden of God." In the twentieth century one might add to this list "the well established system of the Soviet Union" — an addition which would surely shock many contemporary professed followers of Burke but to which, on his principles, they should assent.

At one point in his analysis Burke frankly recognizes that there might be a conflict between what he calls "peace" (acceptance of the *status quo* with complacency, while allowing and advocating minor administrative reforms) and the "truth." In such a conflict, he is always on the side of "peace"—suppressing a too critical inquiry into human affairs lest that investigation lead to doubt, division, and dissatisfaction. "As we have scarcely ever the same certainty in the one as we have in the other, I would," he says, "unless the truth were evident indeed, hold fast to peace." And, complaning of the spirit of the French Revolution, he remarks: "It has been the misfortune (not, as these gentlemen think it, the glory) of this age that everything is to be discussed, as if the constitution of our country were to be

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always a subject rather of altercation than enjoyment."

Burke and his 20th Century followers fail to see that any given situation is always changing and that, if one takes the long view, only constant, basic, and radical criticism can even begin to comprehend those changes and, through the "disturbance of the peace" involved in criticism, guard against the still greater disturbance which, in the absence of criticism, will erupt in physical violence. Who was "right"—the "mere ideologists" of 20 years ago who disturbed complacency by their radical criticism of the Kenya social order, or the Burkeans who told us not to disturb the "peace" by attacks on fundamentals? It is almost a truism, surely, in the 20th Century, to assert that absence of avenues for fundamental peaceful change is a central factor in preparing for war.

MOREOVER, while there is certainly virtue in taking account of tradition and prescriptive constitutions in any proposals for change, every general tradition has within it many particular traditions which are never perfectly articulated with one another, are often contradictory, and are always changing. "Tradition" does not produce the symmetry which Burke seems to associate with it. The "peace" which he values is put in constant jeopardy by clashing traditions and by the claims of classes and groups which cannot be reconciled. Thus in 18th Century France, both bourgeois and feudal traditions are "prescriptive" but exist in increasingly uneasy tension. If one accepts Burkean principles, both are sanctified. Yet the claims of the one are in the long run incompatible with those of the other. Which, then, should one choose and which reject? Or, if one prefer compromise, how much of each tradition is to be hacked off?

We search in vain for clear answers in Burke. Yet issues of this kind, it need hardly be said, are ubiquitous in the 20th Century.

To Burke, the functioning of society is in the last analysis mysterious. Throughout his writings runs the theme of an ultimately incomprehensible wisdom "moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race."

This very mystery keeps Burke from examining historical facts too closely, for too exact an inquiry might tend to be disturbing and even blasphemous. Providence is good and somehow is concerned with the fate and welfare of every human being. Since the rise and fall of States must reflect an ultimately mysterious Providence, Burke concludes that historic "Christian" States have in fact shown a tender regard for the well-being of every person:

> Every state has pursued not only every sort of social advantage, but it has cultivated the welfare of every individual. His wants, his wishes, even his tastes, have been consulted. This comprehensive scheme virtually produced a degree of personal liberty in forms the most adverse to it. That liberty was found, under monarchies styled absolute, in a degree unknown to the ancient commonwealths.

And many of Burke's followers in modern times tend to see in historic forms of class rule a spirit of *noblesse oblige* which ordinary historians, unequipped with Burkean lenses, cannot discern.

This stress on the mysterious in history makes it difficult to argue against Burke and his disciples; for in the end, when pushed into the corner, they can always take refuge in the arms of God. But, admitting this ultimate defeat, we may surely question, at the secondary level, their ascription of an extraordinary wisdom to the individual and collective acts of our ancestors. To those unawed by the mystery of history, it would seem that our ancestors, while sometimes wise, were as frequently stupid, and that we of this generation suffer from their stupidities.

Let us cite one example. "The faith of our fathers" was in part a faith in the institution of war. Burke himself shares this faith, for while admitting that war may be "the means of wrong and violence," he goes on to aver that "it is the sole means of justice amongst nations." The faith of Burke and our fathers is in this respect surely a misplaced one; for if anything is clear in modern politics it is that contemporary war can never be an instrumentality of "justice."

We cannot really be concerned, maintains Burke at one point, about the future and our descendants, unless we have due reverence for our ancestors. Insofar as this expresses the notion of the vertical solidarity of mankind, it is an unexceptionable statement. But reverence for our ancestors surely implies the obligation to reject their stupidities in order that our children might live; and to do this we need imagination, a subjection of all institutions to criticism, and an eagerness to experiment.

We need, in other words, the bread of a new and viable radicalism; not the stone of the ancestor-worship that Burke has bequeathed to us.

The Interior of Roses

WHERE is for this Within
a Without? And upon what ache
lies a linen so thin?
What skies are reflected therein,
in the inland lake
of these opening roses?
See: their poses are so
loose in the looseness which closes
lightly around them, as though
they could never be spilled by a tremble.
They hardly can hold their place;
many already are bowing,
filled to the brim and flowing
over with inner space
into the days which, descending,
fuller and fuller are growing,
till the whole of summer is ending
as a room in a dream of grace.

RAINER MARIA RILKE
translated by Lula Gruenthal

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The Blundering, Ineffectual American

by John Lehmann

GRAHAM GREENE'S new novel carries two epigraphs: one from Clough and one from Byron. The point of both is that good intentions often produce the most deadly results. That is the main theme of the book: the good intentions are good American intensions, and the results are appalling. *The Quiet American*

The Quiet American, by Graham Greene (Viking; $3.50).

American is one of the most icily anti-American books I have ever read. There are a number of American characters in it, and they are all mercilessly caricatured. I say all because even the chief American character, Alden Pyle, is two-dimensional cardboard, with little or no reality outside his function in the narrative.

There are other, subsidiary themes. The English publishers have claimed that *The Quiet American* is the first of a new series of Greene novels, in which religion plays little or no part. This is eye-wash. True, religion, in its Roman Catholic variety, is not rammed down one's throat as it was in *Brighton Rock,* in *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair.* But the religious theme is there all the same, as anyone can see who looks up the last sentence in the book: "How I wished there existed someone to whom I could say that I am sorry." The central character and narrator, Thomas Fowler, is a Protestant by upbringing but in fact an agnostic, continually denying the need for God until that last sentence, the irony of which is supposed to escape him. And the moral dilemma which brings him to that exclamation is another, interlocked subsidiary theme. One can sum it up crudely: is one justified in conniving at murder if one happens to get a girl one badly wants by getting rid of an homicidal fool? There is also running through the book the theme of the wastefulness and the cruelty of war, the suffering it brings to entirely innocent people.

The keynote of the whole book is a bitter, disgusted irony, the mood that Graham Greene presents as Fowler's, though it is clearly the author's own mood. Fowler is an English journalist established in Indo-China, a middle-aged man who loves the country and has no wish to return to England in spite of appeals from the paper he represents to take on higher responsibilities at home. He has left behind him a marriage that has turned out a failure, and lives with a native girl, Phuong, a gentle, amoral phantasm of desire whose chief activities, when not in bed with Fowler, seem to be lighting his pipes of opium and poring over pictures of the British Royal Family.

Fowler prides himself on not being "engaged," but it soon becomes clear that he thinks that one gang is about as bad as the other in the war with the Viet-Minh, and that he sides first of all with the long-suffering natives, at the mercy of the power intrigues of the warring factions, and then with the French against the Americans whose interference is represented as blundering, bullying, and ultimately ineffectual. His resentment becomes focussed on Alden Pyle, the "quiet American," a young Harvard graduate who is working ostensibly with the Economic Aid Mission but in fact has other official activities of a secret nature. Pyle falls in love with Phuong, and is prepared to offer her precisely what Fowler cannot: marriage and a respectable home. Fowler sees in Pyle, disciple of an American publicist-philosopher called York Harding (author of such choice manuals as *The Rôle of the West* and *The Challenge to Democracy*), a dangerous idealist who will bring certain disaster in his search for a non-existent Third Force.

THE construction of the story is masterly in its cunning. The scene, in Saigon, is swiftly and economically set, the chief characters and the situation, with its invisible lie, sharply presented in the first 20 pages. Not having studied the reviews when I first read it, it was some time before I twigged who murdered Pyle. Immediately after we become aware of the mystery of his death, our curiosity is roused by a further mystery inside that: what was the quiet American really up to in Indo-China? The story weaves in and out of flash-backs, dropping a clue here and a clue there to the two mysteries and developing emotional tensions.

Pyle's earnest and fatal innocence is shown as increasingly exacerbating the cynical but fundamentally humane Englishman; and yet all the time Pyle's reasonableness and fearlessness are beginning, ever so slightly, to win the reader's sympathies against the jealous bitterness that takes possession of his rival. This situation reaches its climax in the great scene in the isolated watch-tower in the middle of the fighting area, where Pyle saves Fowler's life. Fowler's ingratitude, the sarcastic abuse he heaps on Pyle, appear suddenly caddish and unforgiveable.

IT IS only when this reversal of our sympathies has been achieved that the unravelling of the mystery of Pyle's secret activities starts. Then we gradually begin to understand why some of the cases Pyle was importing under cover of supplies for his medical teams contained plastic; why the discarded mould in Mr. Heng's warehouse had the inverted shape, not at first recognized by Fowler, of a bicycle pump; and the image of Pyle changes again in our minds and we are ready for the accusing finger that points at him and his blessed York Harding when the affair of the Bicycle Bombs is followed by the bigger affair of the mis-timed bomb in the Square. At this second climax—when instead of Pyle, Fowler has at last gained our sympathies, and we are conditioned for the final revelation of his complicity in the murder — Greene makes the crucial mistake, to my mind, of letting the spirit of caricature triumph over reality:

> Pyle said: "It's awful." He looked at the wet on his shoes and said in a sick voice, "What's that?"
>
> "Blood," I said. "Haven't you ever seen it before?"
>
> He said, "I must get them cleaned before I see the Minister."

I find it difficult to understand how Graham Greene let himself be content with such a crude scrawl just when the most convincing passage of all was needed; the unsatisfactoriness of the end, where Fowler's wife announces by cable she will divorce him after all, is a trifle beside this mistake; the best fiction is full of unconvincingly happy endings and one shouldn't let out even a squeak for just one more, especially

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as it explodes the final surprise of the many with which the story is so cleverly wired.

All in all, as a highly skilled work of fiction by one of our major literary craftsmen, *The Quiet American* is a finer achievement than either of Graham Greene's two previous novels (I do not count *Loser Takes All*). I cannot, however, rate it as high as *The Power and the Glory*, still to me his greatest book. I regret the excessive caricaturing, the thinness of all the characters except Fowler; and even he is not always credible in detail. Pyle, causing endless trouble by applying half-baked panaceas to the ills of the Old World, is not a new character in fiction; we have met him again and again during the last three-quarters of a century, and an interesting female specimen made her appearance only the other day (in Paul Bowles's novel *The Spider's House*). The world today is full of desperate idealists who take manslaughter in their stride, and by no means all of them carry American passports. I also regret a rather obtrusive element of monotony in his style, the almost unvaryingly light-lipped curtness of dialogue and comment; a mannerism which seems to me to be carried so far at times that it recalls the American school of tough thriller-writers, and would indeed be more in keeping with their quite differently aimed productions: a curious irony in a so ironically anti-American book.

But what gives *The Quiet American* its stature, in spite of these weaknesses, is more than the mastery of story-telling it so nonchalantly displays. Graham Greene went to see the ghastly, futile war that forms the background of his story. The war scenes are indeed brilliant reporting, as many critics have pointed out; but they reach a far higher level than that. In each episode he picks out an unforgettable detail that stays in one's mind to pin-point the horror and misery: the canal choked with dead bodies emptied of their blood, the young soldier moaning in his death agony in the bombed town, the sampan wantonly shot up from the dive-bombing plane, the stunned mother covering her mutilated baby with her straw hat. The arguments between Pyle and Fowler, as they hide in the tower surrounded by impalpable danger, on the ultimate ethics of all wars of liberation, recall some of the great moments of Malraux. Graham Greene has shown us before that he possesses the gift of concentrating a tragic vision of modern life in a brief image or aside. Nothing is more effective in *The Quiet American* than Fowler's almost casual comment on the film he goes to see just before Pyle's murder: "It was what they call a film for boys, but the sight of Oedipus emerging with his bleeding eyeballs from the palace at Thebes would surely give a better training for life today."

Further Thoughts on the Presidency

by Sidney Hyman

In the past fifteen years, no single volume about the American Presidency has had the influence of Professor Edward S. Corwin's *The President, Office and Powers*. Its passages have been echoed in countless briefs by Constitutional lawyers, in the positional stands of Attorneys General, and in the opinions of the Supreme Court.

Unfortunately, its description as a study in public law tended to make it a special possession of the legal profession. The general reader was inclined to by-pass it as something that was beyond his ken. This was a self-inflicted loss; for Mr. Corwin, among his many gifts, writes of the most complex things with wit and lucidity. Now, however, that the general reader has another offering from Mr. Corwin—this time, in collaboration with Professor Louis W. Koenig—it is to be hoped that he will take it in hand, keep it close by his side during this election year and for a long time afterward.

The Presidency Today, by Edward S. Corwin and Louis W. Koenig (New York University Press; $3).

The Presidency Today is a short book. It represents in part, a compression of the insights about the Presidency that made Mr. Corwin's earlier volume a notable landmark in constitutional analysis. But it goes beyond this in directions that can presumably be traced to Mr. Koenig, with Mr. Corwin's concurrence.

It sees the Presidency in a double vision. It sees it as an office whose powers are exercised in a tight legal world, involving the countervailing influences of the Congress and the Court. Then, in a shift of vision, it sees the Presidency as an office holding a place of supreme importance in a complicated political world that lies outside the legal world, yet influences its motions. Finally, it brings this legal-political vision to bear on a range of specific problems that have agitated our government life for the last decade.

Thus, for example, an examination of "Presidential prerogatives" leads the authors to consider the bearing this has on the President's role in the conduct of our foreign affairs, as the commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and in the management of labor relations. Of special interest in the order of the arguments presented on each of these subheads, are the discussions about the Bricker amendment, the latitudes and limitations that should govern the problem of Presidential confidences and confidants, and the discussion about the meaning of the Steel Seizure Case of 1952.

At the same time, their discussion of what Presidential leadership involves in terms of these three elements—the Congress, political parties and the whole of America—induces the authors to urge a new type of Cabinet that would bridge the gaps now dividing the chief forces that have a say in formulating national policy. Similarly, a discussion of the selection and tenure of a President, leads the authors to appraise the electoral system as it now stands; to comment on current proposals for reforming both the Electoral College and the method for nominating a President; and to suggest a way for dealing with the momentous question of Presidential disability.

On all this and much more besides, Messrs. Corwin and Koenig are immensely fertile in their crop of ideas. Among the harvest of them, this reviewer finds but one with which he is

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inclined to take exception. It is the idea for a new type of Cabinet, to consist of legislative leaders plus department heads and even the heads of independent commissions. Corwin and Koenig argue that by placing representatives of the legislature in the Cabinet, the arrangement would reduce the danger of an autocratic course by a President, would unite both local and national interests; and would, thereby, reduce the existing antagonisms between the Congress and the President.

The more likely effect, in the opinion of this reviewer, would be to confuse instead of clarify the whole business of leadership. It would do this by giving the legislative members of the Cabinet a club to brandish over the President; while he, in his own person, would still remain responsible in the eyes of the people for consequences he was powerless to avert. As our Constitutional system now stands, we must take it *as a system* for responsible power. And no features of the English model, as the authors propose, can be engrafted on it, unless all the other traits of the English model that go with it, are also engrafted at the same time. That is, the Congress would have to become the same as the British parliament. Our political parties would have to imitate British parties in the discipline which ties their fate to the fate of the Executive of their own choosing. And so on.

Yet to set forth this point of criticism is not to suggest that Corwin and Koenig are vulnerable in other matters. *The Presidency Today* is a model of successful collaboration with results that will enrich the understanding of any reader.

Robin Hood in Boston

by Thomas H. Eliot

THE *Saturday Review* reports that when a Boston newspaper sent *The Last Hurrah* to James M. Curley, former Mayor of Boston, and asked him to review it, Mr. Curley replied that after reading the book, he had referred it to his attorneys and was contemplating legal action. As one of the characters in the book would say: "Amazing. Marvelous."

This is the story of the final effort of a 72-year-old politician, Frank Skeffington, to be elected Mayor of Boston for the umpteenth time. The campaign is observed largely through the eyes of Skeffington's nephew. In the course of it, by mingling with the crowd and listening to his uncle's reminiscences, the nephew (like the reader) learns much about the social and political mores of the present older generation of the "Boston Irish"—the grandsons of the refugees from the potato famine of a century ago.

The Last Hurrah, by Edwin O'Connor (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $4).

At least one reviewer has hailed this book as the great American political novel; another, lately arrived from England, calls it "truly subversive." Both opinions are unduly intemperate, though some possible justification may be found for each of them.

If this is a political novel, it's also a historical one, or so the author seems to think. His message is that the old days of political machines, of bosses like Frank Skeffington, have passed, their stock in trade having been appropriated by the welfare state. So, quite naturally, Skeffington's only real expressions of hatred are reserved for Franklin D. Roosevelt; so, inevitably, the old machine, built on personal contacts and loyalties, goes down to defeat. Now in this there is considerable truth—but it is also true that personal favors, personal likes and dislikes, personal *concern* (or the appearance of it) for the problems of people in trouble, will continue to influence elections as long as democracy endures. I would urge young political scientists and aspiring politicians to read this book, not merely as a tale of the benighted past, but as a revelation of some enduring aspects of political life.

Certainly it is a good political novel. And two-thirds of it are great fun to read. When the nephew, Adam Caulfield (a most improbable name to be given by a sweet colleen, Frank Skeffington's sister, to any son of hers) cupies the center of the stage, the goi is heavy, for Adam is a pretty dull a uninformed young man. But it is in members of the older, passing gene tion that the author and his readers d light. They are a wonderful and we portrayed crew. Best of all is a pere nial candidate called Charlie Hennes a fiery pinwheel of a man, shooting in all directions and enjoying eve minute of his somewhat pointless lif His conversations and speeches, whi should be read aloud at top spee would appear to be wholly incredib inventions if they did not sound exact like the everyday talk of one particul Boston politician.

Skeffington himself, the central figur is a master of fascinating eloquence erudition, and ironic wit. And thi brings us to consider the charge tha the book is "subversive." This accusa tion is based on the notion that whil Skeffington and his crowd are utterl corrupt, they enlist the reader's sym pathy; the old Mayor emerges as some thing of a hero.

Well, it is true that the author fail to dwell on the evil represented by th aged boss and his fading machine. H tells us, repeatedly, that Skeffington is knave and a thief. But the only exam ple of knavery is one of political black mail, with the victim, a "Yankee" banker, far more reprehensible than th Mayor; and Skeffington's only theft, i this book, is of some food in the City Hospital which he kindly supplies to a grieving widow, in order to make he husband's wake a social success.

THIS, I agree, is unrealistic. Nobody like Skeffington could be quite so consistently delightful, warm-hearted, learned, and generous. Nor would his faithful retainers be exclusively devoted, understanding men on the one hand, or hilariously comic characters on the other. The big boss of a big city is likely to brush up against unmitigated evil more often than this book indicates. The utterly ruthless politician is sure to be, at least occasionally, a brutal human being. Insofar as Mr. O'Connor has failed to portray evil and brutality in all their darkness, he has painted too happy a picture. Still he has written a good book, about politics and the "Boston Irish," and one can learn from it without being subverted.

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THEATRE

e Ponder Heart is about . . . well, to l the truth, when I left the theatre, I s very unsure *what* it was about. ere had been a murder trial, and the used had been acquitted, but the ling of the story had been so whimsi- that I hadn't known what or whom believe. It seemed to me quite pos- le that Uncle Daniel *had* murdered s wife Bonnie Dee, but that one

e Ponder Heart, after Eudora Welty, by Fields and Chodorov (Music Box).

uldn't hold this against him for vari- s reasons—first, he was crazy; second, e was such a nice man; and third, like Miss Madrigal in *The Chalk Garden,* he eemed vaguely to symbolize something ather grand and religious and therefore o be entitled, *ex hypothesi,* to a few urders. When I got home, however, nd read the story, I was surprised to nd not only that Miss Welty had not ft this possibility open but that she ad made it clear that Bonnie Dee had opped dead while Uncle Daniel, in c friendly fashion, was tickling her to p her mind off a thunder storm.

This fact is handed straight to the ader by Miss Welty's narrator, Uncle aniel's niece, Edna Earle, and indeed he position of the niece was the tough- t problem the adaptors had to face. hat happens to a novelist's spectator- rrator in a play? He (in this case, she) ecomes a minor character—with per- aps only a doubtful title to be even iat. Meanwhile, the main characters in e drama, previously seen only through he narrator's eyes, have wheeled off nto space, like planets released from all ravitational pull. Uncle Daniel, in the lay *The Ponder Heart,* is such a planet- ithout-an-orbit. In the story, Miss Welty lays it down through Edna Earle xactly how we are to take him: though he makes a brave show of defending im, she also lets drop that he has been n a mental home. On stage, two things o wrong. First, for rather a long time, ve don't know how to take Uncle aniel's strangeness; only later on (I annot say at what point) do we realize e is crazy. Second, when we do realize, here is nothing to stop us from identi- ying ourselves with him, on the as- sumption, naturally, that our insanity is worth double the sanity of the vulgar.

I suppose any story suffers a sea-change, though not necessarily into something rich or strange, when it migrates to the stage. In the present case, a story that is fundamentally realistic, however funny, poetic, and odd, has been cut down to the size of an accepted sort of theatrical zaniness. Comparisons have already, and rightly, been made with another current show, *No Time For Sergeants,* which stakes out no claim to be more than a roistering farce. However, the rank insanity of Uncle Daniel is less close to the rustic simplicity of the hero in *No Time* than it is to the flights of fancy of Mary Chase in *Harvey.* Possibly, all three plays have the same importance for the student of American (or modern) culture: the glorification of the simpleton is the obverse of hostility to intellect, while the acceptance of imbecility as wisdom is an unconscious confession of spiritual bankruptcy.

That the lunatic should be regarded with religious awe is no new thing, and already in the 19th Century Dickens touched the old awe with the new sentimentality. But it was left to the 20th Century to make of infantility its master ideal. Even in the thirties, all that social indignation would melt before the amiable imbeciles of *You Can't Take It With You,* and it has been the pleasure of a later generation to become again like little children at the behest of Rodgers' tum-titty-tum and Hammerstein's Sunday School addresses. . . .

I don't want to give the impression that all this modern wickedness and heresy is concentrated in *The Ponder Heart,* to which the word "concentrated" is in all respects inapplicable. Though in the second instance I may be complaining, in the first I am merely reporting that, for example, when Miss Welty has Bonnie Dee leave the washing-machine on the porch, Messrs. Fields and Chodorov have her station a *dish*-washing machine in the middle of the drawing room floor and then install water-pipes to feed it. In the story, it's a big day when a telephone is brought in; on Broadway, there's a TV set and a huge ice-box filled with things that belong in closets. . . . And in this way, the world of *Room Service,* rather than Southern fiction, is re-created. On the other hand, a great deal of Miss Welty's quality is preserved, not least because a great many of her lines are quoted. Taken moment by moment, rather than as a total experience, the evening is an amusing and lively one.

The performance has the Broadway virtue of efficiency: technically, nothing ever goes wrong, and everything on stage looks as bright as a new pin. In the American theatre the decisive process is casting, and our producers and directors are very good at it. David Wayne was the decisive and right choice for Uncle Daniel. Having criticized Mr. Wayne for his cuteness in *Teahouse,* I am glad to say that he reappears in *The Ponder Heart* purged and purified. Now that he relaxes more, his warmth and sparkle spread themselves much more easily around the theatre. He carries the show. As Bonnie Dee, Sarah Marshall imposes herself as a remarkable and welcome new presence in our theatre, but one wishes her director (Robert Douglas) could have helped her to join together, as it were, the ends of the part, for at present there is no connection between the nicely defined silent urchin of the beginning and the screaming wife of the end.

Pondering *The Ponder Heart* in general—Fields, Chodorov, or even Welty —one senses some sort of frustration of the comic sense that has causes going far beyond these three individuals. The idea that American (or, again, modern) culture is lacking in tragic sense, percolating through from philosophers to editorial writers, has become a commonplace, but what about the hostility of American (or modern) culture to the comic spirit? All of us enjoy slapstick; the middle classes make a fetish of back-slapping good humor; the cultured classes (especially through their official organ *The New Yorker* in which *The Ponder Heart* first appeared) are dedicated to that species of spiritual winking and shrugging of the shoulders that we call whimsy. Meanwhile, where is comedy with its diabolical energy, its taut intellect, its moral severity? Whimsy is so innocuous. The writer of true comedies would have to have followed the advice which Conrad provided for the development of the tragic sense: "in the destructive element immerse."

ERIC BENTLEY

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TELEVISION

FROM talking with acquaintances I get the impression that a lot of people missed Ezra Taft Benson's reply to Edward R. Murrow's *See It Now* show on American agriculture. That's a pity, I think, because *Benson Strikes Back* was a fascinating production. Incredible at times, but nonetheless fascinating. It provided a fine demonstration of the Administration's television techniques, and it gave further evidence of the flaws in the networks' policy of granting free time for rebuttal to anyone influential whose feelings have been hurt by a broadcast.

In Secretary Benson's case, the granting of free time was not, in my opinion, any favor. He had surprised and disappointed a good many people by getting into a snit about Mr. Murrow's show in the first place. (Many people, including me, had become increasingly sympathetic toward the Secretary in the course of that excellent production, which made the complexity of his problems dramatically clear.) And his own half-hour certainly couldn't have won him many new supporters. Furthermore, when CBS granted Secretary Benson free time, it also set aside a half-hour for those who, unlike Mr. Murrow, are out for his scalp; and I can't believe he'll be given a chance to rebut the rebuttal of his rebuttal.

As to the program itself, it began with the announcement that, while acceding to the Secretary's demand for free time, CBS did not believe that *See It Now* had presented an unfair picture —a statement which made me proud of old Columbia. Then the Secretary appeared, sitting behind a big desk, but before he'd spoken more than a couple of sentences, he disappeared, and a film clip came on. It continued for about three minutes, showing tractors and combines and suckling pigs and women shoppers, while one of those mellow voices that come with film clips talked about the bigness and beauty of American agriculture. The voice ended up with the statement that, from George Washington to Dwight D. Eisenhower, farming has been important in the USA.

Then the Secretary reappeared and got down to business. Mr. Murrow's picture of the American farm situation gave a distorted impression, he said. He, on the other hand, was going to present "the facts." And it was going to be the straight goods, with none of your fancy tricks. There would be no television actors, the Secretary said—suggesting, perhaps, that Mr. Murrow's farmers had been a bunch of Studio One boys in overalls. After reminding everyone that he was a farmer, born and bred, the Secretary announced that anyone who said that American agriculture was on the rocks was simply not telling the truth. There was no "crisis of abundance" (the title of the *See It Now* show); it was just a matter of "imbalance." And with his new farm program, President Eisenhower had gone "aggressively to the attack."

Next, Secretary Benson introduced his friend Senator Thomas E. Martin (R.) of Iowa, and then, by George, there came a fancy trick: a film clip of Corning, Iowa, the scene of the "closing-out" sale on Mr. Murrow's show. "Tom" (Secretary Benson called him that) did the commentary for the film, which contained a great many shots of the Senator shaking hand with people. He said it was a fine place—not dying at all. For some reason the farmers he showed didn't look half as prosperous as the ones on *See It Now*.

After that, Tom asked questions of "Ezra" (that's what the Senator called the Secretary), and in no time at all they had reached the crux of the matter: the whole mess—the imbalance, that is — comes from "price-fixing," years of "price-fixing" forced on the American people by Democrats. Price-fixing brought about the surpluses which have thrown the farm economy out of whack. Tom asked if there were any hope. Yes, Ezra said, the surpluses could be reduced to manageable size "in three or four years." He said the soil bank would help a lot. Through the Administration's program, the surplus would be used "to use up the surplus."

The Secretary said that the Administration's plans were working well, with people eating pork at a good clip, but then his face went grim. There was a horrible threat to these sound and sensible plans, and that was the suggestion that rigid, high supports be restored. These were the supports which had caused the drop in farm income (thr fifths of it "before I ever moved Washington), he said. They hurt only the farmer but everyone. Th were a wartime gimmick, he went and no party should take credit for t wartime prosperity enjoyed by farme unless it also accepted responsibility f the slaughter and bloodshed.

Tom had long since disappeared, a the Secretary had recovered from a seri of attacks of vocal paralysis (broug on, I think, by cosmic rays, or gremlir in his Teleprompter). Now he mov upward in a magnificent spiral. This a time for "warm hearts and co heads," he said. Will our farms be fre or will they be socialized? How I wished, he said, that all American could be sent to Europe for a couple o years, so that they might better appre ciate this land of ours. To him, h said, America was not just a nation— not just one of the family of nations It was, he sincerely believed, a natio with a great mission, created by the Go in Heaven.

In conclusion, the Secretary praye that God might bless us all and spok of an America "sound economically socially, and, most of all, spiritually." Several people — among them E. B White and Randolph Churchill—hav commented recently on the uses to whic God is put by the Eisenhower Adminis tration. Without going into the matte here, I would say only that my own con fidence in the spiritual soundness of th Administration would be considerably greater if it returned to the old, hones virtues of the "paid, political broad cast."

DAVID R. EBBITT

Notes on Contributors

MULFORD Q. SIBLEY is on the Political Science faculty of the University of Min nesota. JOHN LEHMANN's latest book i *The Whispering Gallery*. Sidney Hyman is the author of *The American Presi dent*. THOMAS H. ELIOT, a former US Representative, is on the faculty of Washington University. ERIC BENTLEY's version of Bertolt Brecht's *Private Life of the Master Race* is enjoying a success ful run at The Open Stage, New York City. His version of Brecht's *Mother Courage* is running at the Marines Me morial Theatre, San Francisco.

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CORRESPONDENCE

► The Work of the NAACP

IRS:

Your even-handed characterization of he positions of "the NAACP on one ide and White Supremacy advocates on he other" as "extreme" (*NR*, Feb. 27) ives me grave concern.

If by White Supremacy advocates you efer to the White Citizens Councils . . . f which Senator Eastland is the guiding pirit, one cannot disagree that their osition includes the use of expedients which are somewhat excessive: They ave defied the Supreme Court in most busive language. Through their encouragement, if not direct action, Negro itizens in Mississippi and elsewhere, xercising their constitutional right of etition or registering to vote have been ubjected to severe economic reprisals, hreats of violence and death.

The NAACP, on the other hand, hroughout its 47-year history has maintained a consistent record of working within the framework of American constitutional procedure, acting without violence and within the civil libertarian tradition to which I understand *The New Republic* subscribes. A case in point is found within the same issue as the editorial reference to which I refer: The round-up of student-editor opinion reports the presence of Negro students in three of the four state-supported institutions covered. In each instance Negro students were first enrolled as a result of NAACP legal action—in two of them as a result of a specific court order; and it is obvious that each of the three editors reporting from these campuses is very proud of the acceptance of these Negroes by the rest of the students.

I understand your commitment to and loyalty to Mr. Stevenson; and your impatience with anything or anybody that embarrasses his chances for nomination and election is to be expected. It is not, however, the NAACP which has forced Mr. Stevenson and other moderately liberal Democrats into a difficult situation, it is the revolutionary situation in which we live, a revolutionary moment in civil rights. This is the most urgent public issue on the domestic scene. It is both unrealistic and unwise to try to keep such an issue "out of politics."

While it is true that "law has its limits as an instrument of social reform," legal action and legislative pressure are necessary corollaries, especially where it is laws (segregation statutes and declarations of interposition and defiance) which we wish to reform. . . .

CHARLES R. LAWRENCE
National Chairman,
Fellowship of Reconciliation
Pomona, N. Y.

► Freedom or Death

SIRS:

I have just finished reading the review by Leslie Fiedler of the Kazantzakis book *Freedom or Death*. . . . (*NR*, Feb. 27). Quite apparently your reviewer neither knows nor understands anything about Greece. Whether the basis for hero-worship and love of heroism is solid or superficial, it is there, nevertheless. . . . Kazantzakis is not using hackneyed, old fashioned tricks of the trade. He is writing about what he sees, hears, knows, understands, and has definitely lived, unaware of Fiedler and his world, which he probably does not understand and would never try to evaluate by Cretan standards.

JOHN GREGOROPOULOS
Storrs, Conn.

► The Gentleman from South Dakota

SIRS:

As a long time constant reader, I am writing to suggest that this present excitement over the $2500 gift to Senator Case, honorably refused, should bring to mind the much larger sum, paid and accepted over a long period of time, and in secret, to Richard Nixon.

LAURA W. VAN ALEN
Malibu, Calif.

". . . some errors of fact"

TRB's article in the issue of February 20 was, as always, light, brisk and interesting. There were, however, some errors of fact:

1. Senator Case is not from Sioux Falls, Mennehaha County. He is from the opposite part of the state, Custer, Custer County.

2. Mr. Griffin can hardly be called the town druggist; at last count there were 27 drug stores in our "town." He is, however, a partner in the most successful self-service drug store in our city. And to further demolish TRB's attempt to give us a rufe atmosphere, Griffin is a graduate of the Harvard business school, as is his partner.

The implications about Case's provincialism are true. He is or was a nonentity. But please do not imply that Sioux Falls is a rural village.

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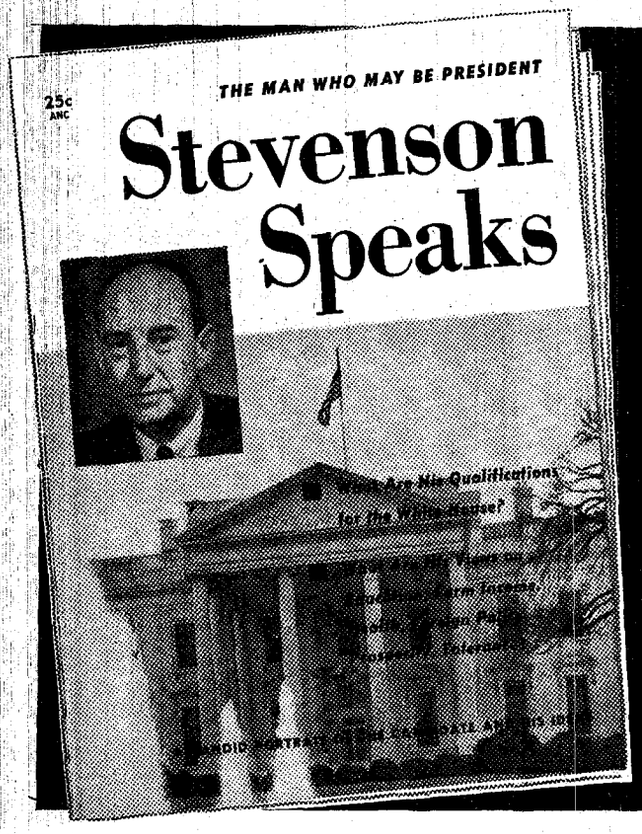

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